TWOPENCE.
Vol. LVIII.
1524.

GEORGE LANSBURY'S APPEAL SEE PAGE 1

JOHN BULL

The circle and stars form the Philips emblem—symbolic of absolute reliability, the "Invisible Component" in every Philips receiver — the one outstanding quality which has built Philips reputation.

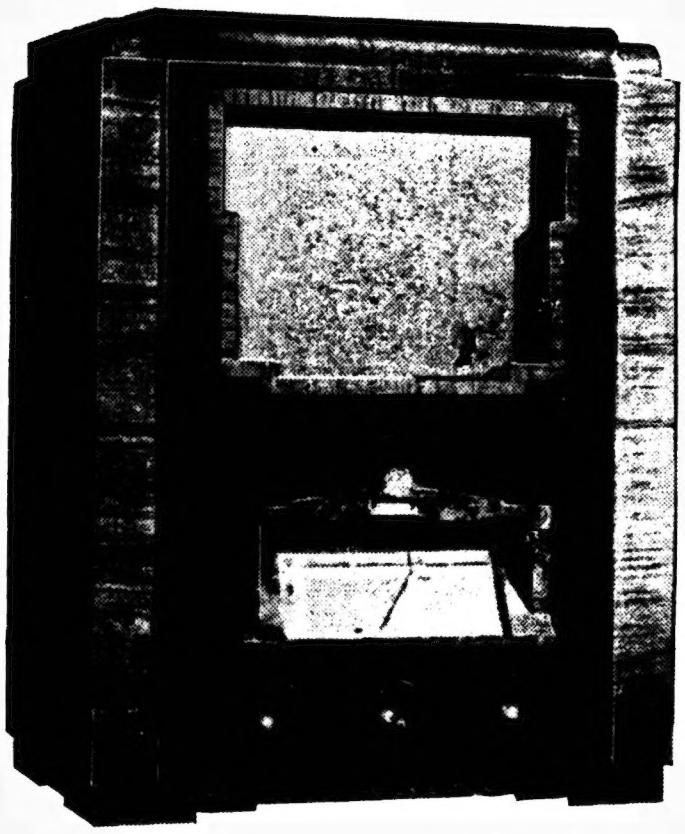
COUPON To Philips Lamps, Ltd., Dept. BW-30, 145, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.
Please send me full particulars of Philips new receivers.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

A NEW SUPERHETERODYNE OF EXCEPTIONAL QUALITY



If you want the satisfaction of knowing that you have the finest superheterodyne the industry has to offer, you will select model 585-U.

Its tone quality, great range, power and selectivity are assured by the finest materials, more costly than you find in ordinary sets. But of still more importance to you is the Absolute Reliability built into this receiver. It is the "Invisible Component" that means many years of faithful service. Moreover you can move this set to any neighbourhood and it operates equally well on either A.C. or D.C. mains. There are six other new Philips models ranging in price from 6½ gns. to 26 gns. You can own one on easy payments. Visit your nearest Philips dealer today.

14 GNS.
or £1.5.6 monthly

PHILIPS

RELIABILITY HAS BUILT PHILIPS REPUTATION

PHILIPS LAMPS, LTD., 145, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2.

Be sure!

When you buy goods that are advertised in this paper

YOU GET THE **VERY BEST**

Only reliable firms are allowed to advertise in JOHN BULL, and readers, therefore, need never hesitate to respond to them, for they are all of proved value. Particular care is taken to ensure that no reader suffers any loss or disappointment through any of the goods purchased from advertisements in JOHN BULL—that is why the JOHN BULL Guarantee appears in every issue. Your safeguard! Here it is:—

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

Put it in a THORNS PORTABLE BUILDING

Whatever your need, Thorns have the building you want! Made entirely with planed timber, too, and trebly strengthened with "Strongex" steel lamed corners. The extra quality and finish cost no more and you can bolt together the sections yourself. All Fully Guaranteed, for Cash or on Confidential Terms. Send to-day for FREE Catalogue No. 46.

SPAN ROOF GARDEN SHEDS

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Price.	Down.	8Mthly.
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	43/-	3/6	3/11
7ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	60/-	3/6	5/1
8ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	61/-	4/-	5/6
9ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	73/6	4/6	6 8
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	88/-	4/6	8/-
12ft.	8ft.	7ft.	108/-	5/-	9.10

Garages 83/6. Greenhouses 55/-. Beach Huts, Garden Shelters, Bungalows, etc. CATALOGUE No. 46 FREE. *Pent Roof Sheds 22/-*

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BE £ £ £'s TO THE GOOD — *earn extra money the "IDEAL" way*

Get JOHN NOBLES STUPENDOUS NEW CATALOGUE

JOHN NOBLE LTD.
Dept. J.B. 39.
BROOK ST., MANCHESTER.

TRUTH IN ADVERTISING BACKED BY HONESTY IN SERVICE.

Every household need you can think of, every personal requirement of yourself and your family, is to be found in this magnificent new catalogue. Even John Noble's 60-year record of supreme quality and value is surpassed by the wonderful bargains available for members of the Ideal Club. Every penny that you spend as an Ideal Club member goes further, and if you become an organiser there are handsome commissions as well. The Ideal Club catalogue makes it so easy to form a club among your family and friends. Goods sell themselves when they are so low-priced and so perfectly reproduced. Our advertising contains no mis-statements or misleading exaggerations. 392 pages of bargains, the majority shown in full-colour and photogravure. Never has so convincing a catalogue been available to club organisers . . . never has one offered grander bargains to club members! New Organisers wanted . . . previous experience not essential. Don't hesitate. Send for this wonder book now!

COUPON. Please send me, full details of your Ideal Club Scheme and a copy of the sensational new Bargain Catalogue.

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The Ideal Club Grows Because John Noble's Value and Service are Unbeatable

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A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

HERE is a chance to save shopkeepers' profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear and Dunlop tyres. Approval willingly, carriage paid. As an advertisement a 15/- Free Gift Coupon will be given to all who Write for my FREE CATALOGUE

Chas. Mabey
CYCLE WAREHOUSE, 24, COVENTRY

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Incontinence, Constipation, Gall Stones, with associated Gout, Sciatica, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of "Shadforters" Shadforth Brand Bladder Comforters. Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. You are restored. Don't worry. "Shadforters" will give you prompt relief.

Shadforth Prescription No. 285.
Price: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300)
Privately packed and post free at these prices from
Shadforth Prescription Service, Limited,
(Dept. J.B.14), 40, King William St., London Bridge, E.C.4

Sensational Gift Announcement

A FREE WIRELESS SET FOR EVERY READER

A small illustration of the "Jubilee Miracle" Receiver—the set which has astounded the Wireless trade.

NO COUPONS TO COLLECT—NO WAITING

IMPORTANT: Read carefully. Recent free gift offers have proved that the public will clamour for ordinary gifts, but it is the hardest thing in the world to give away, absolutely Free, anything of unusual value. Why? The average man and woman is sceptical and believes that an acceptance of something good must carry an unseen obligation. But don't you be a sceptic—send in this gift coupon as directed and be one of those to participate in this mammoth advertising scheme and receive, free of all charge, the "Jubilee Miracle" Receiver, the world's greatest novelty set. It requires neither Batteries nor Valves, etc., nor is electricity essential.

All you have to do is to buy three packets of famous "Double-Life" 100% Sheffield 3-hole type Razor Blades at the ordinary retail price of 1/- per packet of 15, post and packing 6d., and by return you will receive these marvellous Blades and at the same time we will deliver your Free Wireless Set. Don't delay. Send 3/6 NOW to:

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS, LTD.
(Gift Dept. J.W. 8.12),
99, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

Restore Your RED TILES AND RED COMPOSITION FLOORS with CARDINAL POLISH

Cardinal gives a beautiful rich, red tone. Also excellent for Front Steps. Easy to apply—will not rub off. Large Tins 7½D & 1/3

Made by makers of Mansion Polish.
Of all dealers.
Dept. K, Cadswith Products Ltd., London, W.4. CP 14 5

If it's NERVE trouble You need 'NERVONE'

★ *Accept this FREE OFFER!*

Secure a generous free sample of this new and powerful remedy which strengthens weak nerves, creates renewed vigour and restores ill-health arising from Nerve Strain, Neurasthenia, Morbidness and other Nervous disorders. Simply write, mentioning "John Bull," to The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd. (Dept. N.15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. That's all! In return you will receive a generous free trial sample of "NERVONE"—the new remedy for all "Nerve" complaints.

FROM 2/- DOWN

GARAGES
14 ft. x 8 ft. x 6 ft.
Weatherboard, £6.9.6, 4/6 down.
Asbestos, £7.5.0, 7/6 down.
Other sizes from £4.9.6, 2/6 d'wn

GARDEN SHEDS
Lean to, from 19/-, 2/- down.
Span Roof, from 29/6, 2/6 down.
In all sizes and prices.

GREENHOUSES
From 45/-, 2/6 down.

EASY TERMS AND FREE ROAD DELIVERY

Send for free illustrated book of sizes and prices, stating building required.

THOMPSON BAYLISS
& CO., LTD., Dept. 12, RAINHAM, ESSEX. Come to Eastbury (Underground) and 'phone Rainham 651 for free car. No obligation.

WHAT SHOULD YOU PAY for this year's 45/- to 50/- SUIT?

OUR PRICE TELLS YOU

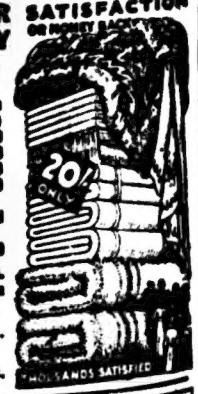
We can make you a perfectly cut Lounge Suit. Single or Double Breasted, from a fine selection of Yorkshire Tweeds or Worsteds. 20 years' reputation for Sterling Value. Don't send money now, but see what you buy. Write now for free patterns, self-measure chart and latest fashions.

ALL BRITISH SUITS TO MEASURE 19/6

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
Send no money. It's free.
H. THOMAS & CO., Dept. J.B.10, 14, PITLAKE BRIDGE, CROYDON.

AMAZING OFFER 2 WEEKS ONLY

SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK



Retail Price 27/6, our price 20/-, delivered to your door

1 100% Art Silk Taffeta Quilted Down Quilt (*full size*)
2 Sheets, strong cont. by 58x70
2 White Woolly Blankets 58x70
2 Buttoned Pillow Cases 30x18
1 Buttoned Bolster Case 58x20
2 Coloured Turkish Towels.
1 Art. Silk Brocade and corded cushion cover.
1 Jacge Bedspread 58x70

CARR. FREE 20/- If C.O.D. 1/- extra

Send for our bargain list.
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12, New Brown Street, MANCHESTER 4.

THOUSANDS SATISFIED

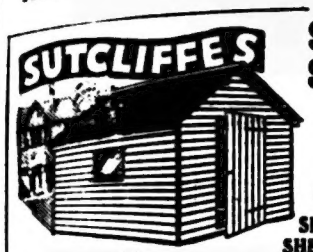
Reduce *YOUR* High BLOOD PRESSURE

Rejuvenate YOUR Arteries. Strengthen YOUR Heart. CURE OFF the Danger List.

Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. Get it NOW.
(Prescription No. 1108/T) Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 10/6
Privately packed and post free at these prices from
Shadforth Prescription Service Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B.14), 40, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

SUTCLIFFE'S STORE SHED from 2/9 MONTHLY

Design S.S.



SMALL STORE SHEDS from 20/-

DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles, Prams, etc. Built in 6 strong perfect fitting sections, easily the best value. Roofing felt supplied Free. (Floor extra.) Carriage paid.

Long	Wide	High	Cash or 12 payments
6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£1 10 0 2/9
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12ft.	8ft.	7ft.	4 15 0 5/10

Send for Free Catalogue, Sheds, Sports Pavilions, Poultry Houses, Kennels, Greenhouses, Garages, Aviaries, Summer Houses, etc. All Carriage Paid.

P. & H. Sutcliffe Ltd., 62, Wood Top, Hebden Bridge, Yorks. London Showrooms: 46-48, Oxford St., W.1.

YOURS for 2/- DOWN

REAL GOLD-PLATED STREAMLINE WRIST WATCH

Be the first to possess the most exclusive watch of the Exhibition—Streamline in style and design, with an elegant mesh milanese gold-plated bracelet. Built with bevelled bezel, shaped to fit flat and snugly, hardly rising above flesh of wrist. Fitted with new improved built-in lugs eliminating danger of losing watch. Dial of silver metal with oxidised silver mirror finished centre. Sunken seconds hand dial making it impossible for other hands to catch. Highest grade Aircraft shock and vibration proof movement, a real jewelled lever time-keeper. Impossible to overwind. Timed to a minute a month. 15 years' written guarantee. Sent on receipt of 2/- deposit, balance 2/6 or more fortnightly until 57/6 is paid in all. Cash within 7 days, 55/-. Lady's model, size of sixpenny piece with dainty milanese bracelet same price and terms. Send now and be the proud possessor of an ultra modern watch. List of Diamond Rings on terms free.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD. (Dept. X.J.3), 88, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.
(One Minute Tottenham Court Road Tube.)

I WAS DEAF . . but the VIBRAPHONE made me HEAR."

—So it has brought joy to thousands of deaf people all over the world. New life . . . new happiness; and you have the same chance.

The Vibraphone is quite safe, non-electrical, practically invisible. No wires, batteries, or any other attachments. Simply a tiny earpiece, capable of giving immense relief.

30 DAYS' TRIAL

Write, 'phone, or call for Booklet and details of Home Trial Offer. Consultations: 9 till 6.

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The £1R Offer Everybody's Talking about!

A REAL CUT DIAMOND RING (for Lady or Gent) & Choice of Magnificent WATCHES FREE!

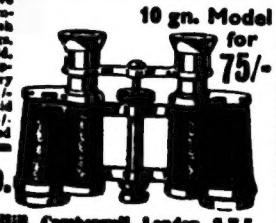
Not a competition—a genuine advertising campaign which all can share in—you, too! Which shall we send you? A lady's superb real gold plated bracelet watch or gent's shock-proof square wrist watch with fashionable mesh chromium bracelet? We also include extra gift of REAL diamond ring, guaranteed genuine under £100 warranty. Stone beautifully set, cut and polished. Just to introduce our new Marlow deep sea effect treble row pearls with dainty brilliant clasp at 21/- cash, or 1/- deposit and 1/6 fortnightly. Offer open for limited time only, so send NOW and secure your free watch and diamond ring.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS, LTD., (Dept. J.P.W.14), 88, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

YOURS for 3/- DEPOSIT

PRISMATIC FIELD GLASSES

Exceedingly powerful Prism Binoculars by Lemaire, Paris. 6x Magnification Wide View "Screw and Eyepiece Focus" Bending Bar. Damp and Dust Proof. Wonderful definition. Name of ship distinctly read five miles from shore. Complete in Brown English Leather Case with Sling. Send 3/- Deposit and 6d. for postage for Free approval. If satisfactory Balance payable 5/- monthly until 70/6 is paid or cash within 7 days 70/- only. Fully Illustrated List of Field and Prism Glasses Post Free.



10 gn. Model for 75/-

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B. 128), 24-104, Denmark Hill, Camberwell, London, S.E.5

ORCHESTRAL PIANO ACCORDIONS YOURS 3/-

By all the Best Makers: Hohner, Pancotti, Pietro, Crucianelli, Soprani & Co.

Real Piano Accordions at Specially Reduced Prices.

Piano Finished Cabinet, Steel Reeds, Metal Bound Bellows, Triple Chord Action. Complete with Shoulder Strap. 21 Piano Keys, 8 Basses. Send only 3 - Deposit. Balance payable 5/- monthly until 32/- is paid or Cash within 7 days 48 6 only. Write for Illustrated List of Models with 25 Keys, 12 Bass; 25 Keys, 24 Bass; 34 Keys, 48 Bass; 41 Keys, 120 Bass, etc.,etc. All on equally attractive terms.

J. A. DAVIS & Co. (Dept. J.B.32). 24-104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.

SOUTH WESTERN MOTOR HOUSES.

L.	W.	Cash.	Down	12 Pts.
9	6	84/6	4/-	8/-
11	7	99/6	4/6	9/6
13	7	109/6	5/-	10/-

ALL SECTIONAL

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY FROM STOCK

250 MILE FREE LORRY DELIVERY

Write now for Free Cat. S.E. (Sheds, etc.) G.H. (Greenhouses). GARDEN SHEDS.

L.	W.	Cash.	Down	12 Pts.
6	4	34/6	3/-	3/1
7	5	44/6	4/-	3.11
10	7	69/6	6/-	6/2

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. (1929) LTD. Dept. J., Nurse Rd., Feltham, S.W.6. Fel. 1121 (5 lines)

NERVOUSNESS

A Remarkably Interesting Book on Nervous Disorders Given FREE to all Sufferers!

Every nerve sufferer should send at once for a copy of my absorbingly interesting book, "The Conquest of Fear!" which describes a simple, inexpensive home treatment for Self-Consciousness, Blushing, Depression, Worry, Insomnia, Lassitude, Weak Nerves, Morbid Fears, and similar nervous disorders. The Rivers Treatment has achieved world-wide success, and is covered by a £1,000 Guarantee of genuineness and efficiency. A copy of this wonderful book, together with some of the most remarkable testimonials ever published, will be sent in a plain sealed envelope, without charge or obligation, to any sufferer. Write NOW and learn how to conquer your nervousness before it conquers you.

HENRY J. RIVERS (Dept. J.B. 16), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1

LIVE AGENTS

IF YOU WANT TO EARN BIG SUMS EACH WEEK IN YOUR SPARE TIME THIS WINTER *Fill in and Post this Coupon Now!*

To AMBLER, PRICE & COLE, LTD. (Dept. J.B.)
Ampries House, Acton Lane, LONDON, N.W.10

Please send me details explaining how, as your Agent, I can make substantial sums in my spare time, also forward me your Books of FREE GIFTS.

NAME .....
(BLOCK LETTERS)

ADDRESS .....
(BLOCK LETTERS)

Post in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp)..... J.B.157. 31/8/35.

COVENTRY CYCLES 57/6 LOW EASY TERMS

Don't pay Agents' prices. Buy direct from Coventry, and SAVE ONE POUND and more. Sports, Lightweights, and 3 Speeds, on approval, carriage paid. Forty years' advertising in this paper, and thousands of satisfied customers. Get my free Catalogue now.

Edwd. O'Brien, Ltd., Dept.3, Coventry

GREAT FREE GARDENING GUIDE *to readers of "John Bull"*

Readers can obtain this Gift Book, containing valuable Gardening information (Flowers, Fruit, Vegetables, etc.), and T. Bath's Catalogue of Greenhouses, Huts, Garages, Heating Apparatus, Poultry Houses and Appliances, Bungalows, Frames, etc., by filling in and forwarding the coupon below.

To T. BATH & CO., LTD.,
5-7, Southampton St., Strand, London, W.C.2.
Please send Free Garden Guide and Catalogue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

J.B. *(insert in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp)*

A GRAND OFFER TO MEN for 2/6

We will send you this Genuine Lever Movement Finest Chromium Tonneau Shape Wrist Watch, on Chromium Mesh expanding Band, latest type Sports unbreakable model, wonder timekeeper, with 10 years' guarantee, for 2/6 down, and your promise to pay 1/- weekly until 17/6 has been paid. This dependable watch is of Swiss make, non-magnetic, and complete in Case. Or, if you send full cash within 7 days after receipt of Watch, we will give you FREE a very nice Pocket Wallet, in lovely soft leather, well made, with 3 divisions, size 6 in. by 3½ in. We also guarantee to refund your money in full if you are not perfectly satisfied.

NICKSONS, Ltd., Dept. "O," ASFORD HOUSE, VICTORIA, S.W.1

FIVE MINUTES LATE

4/6 DOWN

Why Waste Precious Minutes Each Morning at the Local Garage? Take advantage of the staggering T.U.B. reductions, and own your garage! Finest specifications, best prices! Immediate dispatch from stock, all sectional, and guaranteed complete in every detail.

CARRIAGE PAID	Ins.	Width.	Ht.	Cash.	Dep.	12 pyts.
GARAGE	10	7	8	£4.9.6	4/6	8/6
PRICES	12	8	8	£5.5.6	5/-	10/-
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Write now for FREE ILLUSTRATED No. 15 CATALOGUE of High-class Garages and Garden Sheds.

THAMES UTILITY BUILDINGS, West Street, Erith, KENT. Propts.: Thames Steam Saw Mills, Ltd. 'Phone: Erith 672-3.

NEW PRODUCTION TRIUMPH 56/6 1/6 WEEKLY

Choose! Buy your Cycle at factory price or pay the shopkeeper his £1 profit. Latest improved all-British Cycle, superb finish, life-time guarantee. Works price only 56/6, or 1/6 weekly. Shop price £3/19/6. Every cycle rigidly tested & sent carr. paid on 7 days' free trial. Send for Free money-saving Illus. Catalogue showing a magnificent range of Lightweights, Roadsters, and Sports Models, etc., all at direct-to-you prices. A p.c. will do.

MOORHOUSES, Dept. 89, Padiham, Lancs.

WANTED

ONE HUNDRED PERSONS (either sex) WHO ARE READY TO EARN A HANDFUL OF £1 NOTES BY SPARE TIME WORK BETWEEN NOW AND XMAS.

A handful of £1 notes by Christmas to spend on little luxuries for yourself on some things you have been wanting or on presents for others—**you can have a handful!**

Send a postcard to us asking for our Private Christmas Cards Sample Book, and we will send you the book and full particulars, free of charge. You are not asked for any deposit nor to outlay any of your own money. Our Sample Book contains by far the finest selection of private Christmas Greeting Cards, abounding in Novelties, amazing variety, remarkable Calendars of Imitation Oil Paintings, Animal Studies, Beautiful pictures in Bromide, Coloured Scenes and Flower Subjects, Dainty Notepapers, Bookmarks, etc. A Masterpiece of the choicest and best. Your friends and acquaintances will be delighted to buy these from you, there is something for everybody's taste and needs, one pleasing one person and another pleasing someone else. We pay you handsomely and there are valuable prizes in addition. Apply at once and be the first to start.

J. RENSHAW & SONS, Ltd.
(Dept. R.153), Climax Works, Accrington.

DON'T WEAR DRAINPIPES!

SEMI - OXFORD

17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, or 24 bottoms.

FLANNELS

Waist 28 to 46. Leg 28 to 36. Silver, Med. or Dark Grey.

Well cut and made from tested Flannel; fitted with belt loops, side straps, front cash pocket, usual side pockets, and buttons inside; permanent turn-ups. Please state waist, inside leg and width bottom required.

5/-

2 pairs 10 6, post pd.

Post 6d. or C.O.D. Only to Purchasers of Flannel Trousers.

1/6

St. Margaret's Woollen Slipover in Blue, Maroon, Grey, White.

THE FLANNEL KING (Dept. J.30), 130/134, Heath Road, TWICKENHAM.

SENSATIONAL NOVELTY REDUCED TO 9d

Owing to laying down special plant and re-organising the British Factory, we are now able to offer this outstanding "DOUBLE-WAVE" Comb which

WAVES HAIR WITHOUT HEAT OR ANY OTHER APPLIANCE

at 9d. each, post 3d., a price that you cannot afford to miss. No matter whether short or long—simply comb your hair to produce beautiful natural waves. No curling irons, bother or mess. Will save you pounds in hairdresser's bills. The 48 specially shaped teeth give truly amazing results. Your money willingly refunded if not delighted. Send P.O. 1/- at once (stamps not accepted).

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS, LTD. (Dept. J.F.6), 88, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1
(One minute Tottenham Court Road Tube)

I've changed to CRAVEN "A" —and I'm not changing back!

Holiday-Makers Remember...

Wherever you buy your Craven "A," at the seaside or in some remote corner of the country, they will always be as fresh as if they had just left Carreras' factory, because they're sealed fresh in Weatherproof 'Cellophane.'

They never vary.

10 for 6D

20 for 1/-

In the 'EASY-ACCESS' Inner Foil Pack and Sealed Fresh in Weatherproof 'Cellophane.'

★ MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS ★

MADE BY CARRERAS LTD.—150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

C.A. 211.

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY, For week ending Saturday, August 31, 1935. Twopence. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; other parts of the world, 1½d.

3, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

Telegrams: Hurdocally, London.

Without Fear or Favour

Teachers in Slavery

No, he is not just a cleaner; in an hour's time he will be at the desk teaching. His boss has made it part of his job!

WE almost despair of moving the authorities to tackle the scandal of the private schools. Three years have elapsed since a Departmental Committee issued recommendations which fully endorsed suggestions made repeatedly in JOHN BULL—yet the Government has taken no action whatever.

Quite recently it was stated that half a million children in the country are receiving instruction the character of which is not known to the Board of Education, as it has information of barely 1,500 private schools out of the 10,000 known to exist.

The plight of such children has been described by us again and again; but there is another aspect of the scandal that deserves equal publicity—the plight of the teachers in many of these wretched institutions.

The principals of some of these schools are without scruple in their treatment of their assistants. Often teaching posts are little better than labourers' jobs, but this is not found out until the positions are accepted and duties commenced.

One young master of 25 has to teach during the day until 4 p.m., after which he is forced to work as handyman-gardener until 7.30. Digging, weeding, hoeing, sweeping up leaves, mending fences, and cleaning the headmaster's car are but a few of his menial and degrading tasks.

☆ ☆ ☆

But that is not all. At 6 a.m. he has to rise, and sweep, clean, and dust the schoolrooms! For all this he is paid the princely "salary" of 10s. weekly, less 1s. 7d. for Health and Unemployment Insurance.

In a certain private school a lady teacher who is paid 12s. per week becomes a servant after school hours, and is not allowed to finish until 10 p.m.! Her status is lower than that of the other servant, the latter being cook-general and receiving £1 per week with board residence, eight shillings a week more than the teacher!

Another such establishment pays its domestics £45 per annum, but the teaching staff, which numbers three, receives an average of £30 per annum. In this same school the masters share one room, whilst the two maids have a room each, truly a humiliating position for the masters!

We fear that all scholastic agencies are not above reproach, for the "notices of vacancies" sent out by some of them are disgraceful.

In one case a non-graduate mistress was wanted to teach English (to Matriculation standard) and General Form Subjects, take an active interest in the games, girl guides, and swimming, and do supervision duty three times a week. Salary:—£30 per annum resident, or 11s. 5d. per week, not allowing for a reduction of 1s. 3d. weekly for Health and Unemployment Insurance.

Still worse is an instance where a certain notice of vacancy stated that an Inter. B.A. was required to be responsible for the French throughout the school, and teach it up to Matriculation standard, organise the games and Scouts, take an interest in all general school activities, and do supervision duty three days a week and every second Sunday. The "salary" offered was £18 per annum resident! This works out at 5s. 5d. per week, after deduction for Insurance!! Is any comment needed?

It might be observed here that the master on supervision duty is responsible for the behaviour of the boys for the day. In the evening he must take preparation, which usually lasts from two to three hours, and afterwards, in the case of little boys, he must see that each has a bath and is safely tucked into bed before he puts out the lights!

☆ ☆ ☆

The actual teaching conditions, too, are often appalling. To quote the worst instance:—At one school three masters and six classes work in the same room, this latter being a wooden hut with inadequate ventilation, a veritable oven in the summer and an ice-house in the winter!

Even the food served in some resident posts is of a very low standard and quality. In a certain girls' school it was customary for both girls and mistresses to have vegetable soup, followed by watery tapioca pudding daily for a week at a time. Rarely did they have anything for breakfast beyond bread and butter and tea, the quality of the bread and the strength of the tea leaving much to be desired. Then there are mean and despicable tricks that are often practised on assistants. Here is one instance: A master who obtained a post at £120 per annum, non-resident, on taking over his duties, was informed that he would be paid £10 monthly so that he would not have to save money to cover the holiday periods; the more usual procedure in his case would have been to pay six half-termly sums of £20.

The assistant was quite agreeable. About a fortnight later the principal pushed a typewritten form in front of him, remarking that his signature was required at the bottom, and that it was merely a formal and customary matter. This form stated that Mr. —— (the assistant) would be paid £10 monthly, and that a month's notice on either side would terminate the agreement. The assistant appended his signature thinking the matter was quite straightforward. But he was not given a copy of the agreement!

A month before the end of the summer term he was given formal notice of dismissal. To his astonishment, however, he was paid a single month's salary on the day on which the school broke up for the two months' holiday, instead of the anticipated £25!

Up to and including this payment he had received ten cheques for £10 each and one for £5, this latter being the amount paid to him for half the month of the previous September. This left a balance of £15 due to him.

When he pointed this out, he was reminded of the contract which he had signed. So, although he had worked an academic year for which the agreed salary was £120, he received only £105! His solicitors informed him that legally he could do nothing, since to contest the case would mean the loss of more money, as well as losing his employer's good will, an important consideration to an unemployed teacher. Thus, he was "legally" swindled out of £15!

We are well aware that many private schools are above criticism. Of the 10,000 private schools in this country, fully two-thirds are well conducted, have well-qualified and decently paid staffs, and do excellent work. But the others are deplorably run and thus bring the better schools into disrepute.

The question of salaries, working hours and conditions; and the standard of living in private schools should be carefully investigated by Parliament; salaries should be put on a basis similar to the Burnham Scale. The effect of this alone would be to force unscrupulous and self-styled principals to close down, to the betterment of teachers, pupils and parents alike.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

G.P.O. "Worried" by Dangerous Dogs

Women Again on Warpath

He Pays To Work!

SOMETHING will soon have to be done to ensure that bad-tempered and savage dogs are kept under firmer control both in town and country.

Every day one reads the report of somebody having been attacked by somebody else's dog. Dangerous dogs seem to be on the increase.

Pity the postman

The Union of Post Office Workers tells us that hardly a day elapses without a postman being attacked somewhere while delivering letters.

Some are mauled, many bitten, the others get off with torn uniforms.

The General Post Office itself describes the situation as "worrying." As some postmen bear five or six scars of duty, "worrying" seems the right word.

Other victims

Indeed it has got to such a pitch that postmen are being allowed to refuse to deliver letters at places where bad dogs are kept.

They can return such letters to the post office marked "Dangerous Dog" without being held guilty of a breach of duty.

Dustmen, milkmen, bakers' boys and other servants of the public are sufferers in the same way as postmen.

Danger from the Arctic

Although we take second place to nobody in our love of dogs, we think it is time to protest against the fashion that seems to be responsible for popularising dogs that have undeniably savage strains.

Near descendants of Arctic "huskies" have recently been imported to "improve" the breed of our dogs. Those "huskies" are so fierce that they have sometimes to be clubbed into insensibility.

It doesn't promise well for their offspring. Such dogs as these are more likely to become pests than pets.

A public duty

People who keep dogs with a vicious strain in them must realise that it is their duty to see that members of the public are not imperilled by such animals.

If they can't control them properly, they should not keep them.

Some dog-owners seem to think that a dog can have a first bite "free," and so they have no need to worry.

Sex war

Feminists are busier at the moment than at any time since they won the vote for women.

And never have they had right so completely on their side as in their campaign, led by Dr. Edith Summerskill, to compel certain London medical schools to reopen to women doors closed to them on the grounds that women are not so useful in inter-hospital sport!

Sport be hanged! The best hospitals can afford to lose at football.

Equality cry

Then another section led by Miss Eleanor Rathbone is fighting for bigger and wider unemployment benefits for women workers, on the grounds that they receive a smaller percentage of their contributions back than the men.

Let them beware.

Some parsimonious politicians would square that by reducing payments to the men, which would punish wives pretty severely.

Yet another "equality" demand is that of the women civil servants. They

The postman is lucky to get off with only a torn uniform

are redoubling their fight for "equal pay for equal work."

Men have rights, too

Now with many of these "equality" demands quite half the reasonably minded people in the country would be in agreement, *if* . . .

If, to begin with, men were not already the victims of most of the existing inequalities, to mention alimony, breach of promise, custody of the child, responsibility for a wife's debts, and payment of a wife's income-tax even after separation, as a few.

And if women themselves were not pressing for still more inequalities.

Confusing

The latest example is the formation of a Spinsters' Pensions Association to fight for earlier pensions for unmarried women than in the case of men.

"Pensions for spinsters at fifty-five—or even earlier!" is the cry. And the movement is gaining scores of thousands of adherents throughout the country.

This particular organisation argues that women are different, and must be treated differently—which is just the reverse of what the others say. It's very confusing.

Houses of sorts

One thing that all women agree on, however, is the need for houses and more houses.

It sounds good that the building boom is increasing rather than dying down, as proved by the fact that £9,700,000 worth of new premises, mainly houses, was completed last month.

But are they the houses for Mr. and Mrs. Everyman? Let's see.

Standardising families

Slum clearance is held up at Bristol by the difficulty of knowing what to do with old people who live alone. Nobody builds for them.

Other towns are delayed by quarrels with Whitehall. They are not allowed to build for big families.

It's safe to bet that that "£9,700,000 worth of new premises, mainly houses," that was built last month, was mainly three-bedroom houses. People who want more accommodation or less must build for themselves—or go hang!

Mixed greetings

And now we have a brick for the War Office—which we beg permission to present in a bouquet. The brick is because the harassed dairy farmers of New Zealand have been told, on offering to supply the troops of the Motherland with butter, that butter is too expensive a ration for soldiers. The man who writes those glowing recruiting posters could never have penned that!

And our bouquet is just as well deserved.

Joy in dark places

This floral tribute is for the instruction that when troops are in camp anywhere near a distressed area, food supplies should be bought locally to stimulate trade.

Already it has proved a godsend to the poor tradesmen and farmers of Durham, where there is a camp of 3,000 troops.

On top of that the troops are being encouraged to enjoy themselves far afield. In the case of Durham that means that their spending money will help such places as Bishop Auckland, Crook and Consett.

It makes us almost sorry about that brick already!

Menu wangles

And now to expose a shoddy trick aimed at making you pay more for your meals—practised at many seaside restaurants.

You are attracted in by the prices displayed on a menu in the window. Then, when you ask for the bill, you find a totally different scale of charges applies to the dishes you have been persuaded to buy.

A variation is to quote you fair prices for everything except such embellishments as vegetables, rolls, coffee and so on, for which you pay millionaire rates.

Punishing Samaritans

Yes, it is an incredible world.

We told only the other day how motorists who picked up injured people and carried them to hospital are made to pay towards the cost of their treatment.

Now we can add the case of a Selkirk motor-cyclist who encountered a sick man and carried him on his pillion, with the help of a cushion. He was fined at Jedburgh for not having a proper pillion-seat for his passenger.

Paying to work

Even more incredible is the case of Mr. A. H. Jones, of Princes Avenue, Sanderstead, who received 28s. a week unemployment benefit for himself and family, although it was a job he really wanted.

He little knew how he was injuring his family when he accepted evening work at 5s. to 7s. a week, for the Court of Referees decided that the work was "the same as his normal employment, and that he was therefore not unemployed."

And so he has thrown away 28s. a week—to earn 7s. at most.

The Fragrant Minute.

THE LAST WORD

ON the Wayside Pulpits, wisdom one can find. "Always have the last word—and see that it is kind!" I love this application of the old-time sneer, "a woman wants the last word and gets it, never fear!"

Let her have the last word, and let her use it well. Perchance it may work wonders, a magic, soothing spell. So, at her departure, she leaves on heart and mind, a sense of something peaceful, beautiful and kind.

Always have the last word—but this be understood, the last word uttered must be exceeding good. Something worth remembrance, not stupid, hurtful, blind. Always have the last word—and see that it is kind!

Wilhelmina Stitch.

"John Bull" Copyright.

Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers Address letters to her c/o The Editor. JOHN BULL.

Human understanding

A happier picture is of six relieving officers at Newport (Monmouthshire) striving to collect pennies in a district where—as they well knew—there are all too few to spare.

The result was seen the other day, when fifteen hundred poor children went on a seaside holiday on the proceeds.

The penniless people of Newport who have to go before those officials well know one thing about them. *They understand.*

Better system

So do those City Fathers up at Manchester who want to abolish the "parish doctor" to give the poor a free choice from a list of about fifty doctors.

The well-to-do are not alone in having fads and fancies about doctors. On top of that the proposed new system promises greater efficiency.

So the less talk about it costing £10,000 a year more, the better.

Blindness to suffering

Yet isn't it strange how authorities up and down the country seem to begrudge spending a little money on coroners' courts?

To the many disgusting examples we have exposed we can now add the disclosure of Bradford's coroner, Mr. J. G. Hutchinson, that even a town like that can do no better for his witnesses than make them stand up or sit outside on the stone steps.

The first waiting-room accommodation a town should think of providing ought to be for its bereaved—usually, in the case of such courts, its tragically bereaved.

Lipstick of death

The discovery of detonators powerful enough to blow up a street, in places where they can be picked up by anybody, still goes on.

Eleven in three days is the newest record, eight of them under a pier at New Holland, Lincolnshire, over which trains, cars and pedestrians pass daily, and one carried home by a little girl at Blackburn in the belief that she had found a lipstick.

Who takes them, and where from? It certainly suggests that somewhere in England there is high explosive for the seeking.

Put service before self

A doctor has died at Clayton, Manchester. A poor doctor working among poor people. Dr. Sweetman was his name.

You have never heard of him because he refused high positions and proffered advancement time and again because he thought his humble mission was with the people around him who couldn't afford big bills.

Yes, we too often go back centuries in search of our saints.

The real food danger

The belief that there is danger in canned foods, or tinned foods as most people prefer to call them, dies hard.

The revelation at a London inquest that there has never been a case of botulism from food canned in this country or imported here, although the British output alone is nearly 200 million cans a year, should do something to kill it.

The danger is from so-called fresh food when it is exposed to flies, dust and other filth, and in protection of this kind we undoubtedly lag behind many other countries.

STAND FIRM FOR PEACE!

by George Lansbury, M.P.

(Leader of the Opposition)

MOST of my time, since the adjournment of Parliament, has been spent in the company of children. Two bonnie boys, grandchildren, one eight months and the other fifteen months old, have absorbed quite a lot of my waking, and some sleeping, hours. Together we have visited thousands of other children enjoying a day's outing in Epping Forest.

Looking at these children, it seemed to me that they represented, each in their own way, the future of the world. Modern science and invention has made babyhood a happier time than ever before, and even the tiniest tots seem able to respond to the joys of a motor coach or electric roundabouts, to say nothing of donkey rides and goat carriages.

A week ago came rumours of the failure of the Paris Talks, and the apparent certainty of war between Italy and Abyssinia. My day dreams were for a moment shattered. Apparently all that remained for my baby boys and the other children was the possibility of poison gas and the blotting out of all the achievements of the past.

It is impossible for me to believe this can be so. Often people describe certain horrible personal crimes as terrible and unmentionable. The thought of another world war seemed to me a crime.

Such a war would be the most wicked, cruellest and barbarous crime of all history. Indeed, the greatest crime of all, or, as someone has said, "The Crime of Crimes."

Something in my consciousness impelled me to send a letter to the *Times* calling for something to be done. I appealed to the leaders of all religions to come forward and give mankind a lead against this terrible, appalling danger of war.

This, however, is not enough. I cannot at the time of writing this article say what response His Holiness the Pope, our own Archbishops or Dr. Scott Lidgett will make to my appeal.

I DESIRE, however, to ask you what you are going to do about it. We each have a responsibility we cannot pass on to others. When the final judgment is passed on this generation those who form a part of British democracy will have to answer for their own individual conduct and action.

We live in a land where ultimate power rests with the multitude. It is impossible for any of us to satisfy our duty to our neighbour by simply leaving our fate and the fate of our children in the hands of others.

I am feeling quite desperate about this question, and want you to feel the same way as I do. Just fancy looking at a little baby, healthy, vigorous and happy, all at once being choked by one of these foul gases.

Remember, a baby born in Europe, Asia, Africa or America has the same charm, the same feelings, the same natural right to live as yours and mine.

Yet in laboratories chemists and scientists are working night and day finding gases which when war comes, good, clean-limbed, wholesome young Britishers will be expected to shower down from the skies on babies, children, women and men in retaliation for what our people may have suffered from others.

Cannot you see this means not a return to barbarism, but a downright out-Heroding the most barbarous deeds of the past. The blockade is a terrible thing, but at least it is usual to allow non-combatants to leave, and there is always the final evil of surrender.

Do you wonder that an old man like myself, realising these things, feeling desperate because of what is happening before my eyes, feels I must cry out to mankind and do anything and everything one man can do to stay the plague?

But who am I that I alone should try to do this thing? Won't you do your best to see things as I do, and resolve that you will join in one great united effort to spread the Gospel of peace against the growing menace of war?

Life is short for any of us. Soon we shall all pass to the unknown, but what we do will live after us. We shall not be remembered so much by what we have said, but for what we did.

"Looking at these children, it seemed to me that they represented the future of the world."

NO one denies either the futility or the brutality of war. Nobody dares defend the use of bombing or poison gas. No one dare say that either our Lord or His first followers would have dreamed of upholding their faith either by the use of sword, machine gun or bomb.

No one defends the blasphemy of those who tell us God is on one side or the other when a gas heavier than air is smothering men, women and children.

We all know quite well that such barbarism has no place in morals or religion, but is, in fact, the last word in blasphemous expediency.

No, my mind is clear. We are at the parting of the ways. Man has grown rich and powerful, stronger in mind than ever before, and has forgotten God, from Whom all good things come. The marvellous power which the human brain possesses is being used not to build up and develop the best only, but also to create and develop the worst features of our nature.

We must call a halt or perish. Do not imagine we can for ever disobey the laws by which alone mankind can survive.

I don't believe religion will perish out of the world any more than it did in the days long ago when other nations and civilisations proved themselves unfit to carry on. The roots of religion remain, and somewhere witnesses to their truth keep the torch of faith burning bright and clear.

So, while I dread what may happen to this generation unless we find our way back to the paths of truth, I am not yet as those without hope. I pin my faith in the Word of Him Who has said, "Lo, I am with you always," and it is in that faith that I call to you and bid you cast away fear and join with those who, without any reservation, will put their all on the altar of peace.

The conquerors whose works live are not those who use force and bloodshed to attain their ends. You will find the truly great whose words really do live among those who have used, and still use, their talents in the glorious work of healing the sick and spreading abroad the gospel of love and peace.

There is no reason why any of us should support war except the unreason of fear, and yet war fulfils our very worst fears. This is not mere opinion, it is cold truth. It is not a matter of politics, but has to do with something deeper, much deeper, which is the foundation of our lives.

Must mankind live only through strife? Is it true we can only rise to higher things through the destruction of our neighbours? I do not believe this is the case.

The practice of the gospel of tooth and claw, each person fighting his own hand, wounding and destroying his neighbour, may have been necessary in the past; I cannot say whether this is true or not, but I am certain it is not true to-day.

None of us need fear a future where love reigns, or where we each find our satisfaction in the well-being of each other.

We are told that in the past one civilisation has followed another because it was inevitable that this should be so. To-day we live in a time when knowledge is more widespread than ever before, when everything we need for the fullest kind of life is available for all.

Surely we ought to claim we have reached a point where human society should travel forward to a higher civilisation without the danger of relapsing again into barbarism.

I REPEAT, only the unreason of fear can make this impossible. It is written somewhere that perfect love casteth out fear. Exactly what the words mean is hard to say. I think perfect love is the love that gives all, expecting nothing but confident that love can never mean evil either to the giver or to him who receives.

I want to close this article on a note of hope. It maybe war will have broken out before this is printed. Even so, I wish to ask all who love peace to hold on to their faith.

If our rulers and religious leaders fail us, let us hug the truth more firmly to our breasts and tell the world that for us the gospel of doing to others as we would be done by is true, and that the only way to make that truth practicable is for us to do our utmost by word and deed to live up to our faith.

Men will learn from us the way of life once we make it clear by our actions that our ideals are real.

The Christian world has tried, and is still trying, to serve two masters. We must now choose on which side we will stand.

I appeal to all who read this article to take their stand with those who believe that love is stronger than hate, and that perfect love does in word and deed "cast out fear."

The MAN with

AN amazing criminal racket is growing in this country. Behind its ramifications JOHN BULL can reveal, is a secret master-mind who, relying upon the faith and ability of his chief confederates, has so far been successful in eluding the various police officers who have been making enquiries about his astonishing activities.

During the past eighteen months or so, in different parts of this country, jewels and other valuables worth between £300,000 and £400,000 have been stolen, and a special squad of detectives are aware, as the result of the enquiries they have made—and which have taken them to some of the larger provincial towns—that many of the robberies have been the work of one particular gang which has headquarters in North London.

No greater crime organisation has been known outside the pages of fiction. Its members possess the most up-to-date machinery it is possible to imagine, and its success is mainly achieved through the medium of skeleton keys which are now being used and manufactured on a scale never before attempted.

Scotland Yard detectives, in fact, have for some time been endeavouring to establish the fact that a locksmith employing several expert keymakers is amassing a small fortune from "key-faking." He can copy any key, no matter what type it may be, that is brought to him.

Cannot fail

In addition to this key traffic, which, as we shall show, is being carried out on a universal scale, the gang—which at times numbers sixty or seventy people—specialises in many other directions.

Among other things, its members concoct elaborate plans of big stores, jewellery and other establishments, and compile comprehensive details of the movements of company directors and private storekeepers, which include even the minutest points about their customs and hobbies.

Sometimes these documents have taken months to prepare before prearranged robberies are carried out, and the thieves who come on the scene when a plotted theft is actually effected do so in the knowledge that their chances of success are practically certain owing to the efficient manner in which the preliminary "spadework" has been carried out.

Not a trace

A short time ago a wealthy foreign family, who live close to Windsor Castle, returned from a holiday abroad to discover that jewels and other precious possessions, worth more than £20,000, had been stolen from a safe. The safe had a peculiar lock, which was supposed to be thief-proof, and the owner was astounded almost to a point beyond belief when he opened it to find that his valuables had vanished.

The real key to the safe had never once left his possession, yet, nevertheless, the lock had been opened and closed without a scratch upon it. Obviously, undamaged as it was, it must have been opened with a skeleton key, as Chief Constable John Carter and officers acting under him discovered after a full investigation.

Although the thieves have never been found, and the jewellery never traced, enquiry revealed that observation must have been kept on the house and on its occupants for months. Even the locked doors, back and front, were similarly undamaged in any way, and it is clear that a skeleton key was also used by the burglars to gain admission.

When they had taken all they wanted from the safe they just locked it up again and departed—just as the owner might himself have done.

Although not a single tangible clue was found that would assist in the work of solving the identity of the thieves, the police know from the circumstances in which the robbery was carried out that its perpetrators were members of the same gang which has so far baffled the police in all parts of the country by bringing off similarly planned coups.

In the heart of the St. James district of London's West End another robbery recently occurred. The thieves got away there with nearly £10,000 worth of valuables. Again the occupiers were away for a time, and, as in the Windsor case, detectives working under Chief Inspector Bell of Scotland Yard soon realised that it was "a skeleton key job." And though the fullest enquiries have now been made, Inspector Bell has been unable to trace the thieves or redeem any of the stolen property.

The problem of the skeleton key has, though the general public are ignorant of its real danger, lately grown very vital in police enquiries. Scotland Yard officers, in another case, were called in recently to find out what had happened to the contents of a safe at a London kinema. The manager arrived one morning to find that several days' takings and other securities had been stolen during the night. He and several assistants who were beyond suspicion testified to the fact that the money was there when the premises were closed and locked up a few hours before.

Again the master-key had done its work. Not only had the doors at the entrance of the kinema been secretly opened, but the skeleton keys had operated successfully on several doors inside, and then the safe! There was not a finger-print anywhere to give the police a clue. This was just another of the numerous and mysterious robberies which have not been solved.

The rogues who are specialising so successfully in exploits of this character always leave one definite but useless clue behind them. That is the similarity with which these "key" robberies are planned. The circumstances are uncannily similar in case after case.

Chief Inspector Sharpe and several other Scotland Yard detectives were detailed a month or so ago to try to solve the problem of an epidemic of burglaries which took place with startling succession in different parts of London. Shops, stores and private residences were visited in turn, and in nearly every one the unfailing "skeleton key" provided the chief instrument in the hands of the criminals concerned.

It is officially known that in less than a fortnight at least £50,000 must have changed hands—and the hands were those of the same criminals, too!

The baffling crimes were so alarming that Chief Constable John Horwell ordered special police watch to be kept at all ports, and by detectives in ships leaving this country for the Continent; for the police in most cases know that the proceeds of these troublesome "key" crimes are often smuggled abroad. But even this commendable step led nowhere definitely, though the officers detailed for the work are certain that most of the robberies were engineered by the same gang.

Swift methods

Some of the tactics employed are even more impudent, and several of the best stores and larger shops have been officially urged to change the locks of some of their windows and showcases.

One large firm in Manchester recently lost several very costly furs in the most incredible fashion. A man walked into one of the firm's departments and asked to be shown certain goods in the window. As is often the custom in such cases, a lady assistant went to the office for the

One of the greatest crime organisations ever known has recently sprung into being, its coups being brought off by means of skeleton keys, used and manufactured on a scale never before attempted

A NAUTICAL CATCH

OFFERS of positions on ocean liners cruising the seven seas always have an appeal for a large section of the public. Promises of positions afloat are used by the unscrupulous as a means of extracting fees from the unwary, who hope by this means to secure an appointment.

The latest recruit to the army of fee-snatchers is "Captain" A. Moorman, who lodges at a modest establishment near the Elephant and Castle in South London.

Advertisements have been appearing in Belfast and other newspapers in the following terms:

"Stewardess-assistant wanted, experience unnecessary; good worker.—Box ——."

Those who reply to these advertisements receive postcards as follows: "Should you care to forward, as soon as possible, your fullest pars of yourself and a photo, plus 1s. postal order to cover expenses, etc., your application will be put to those interested. In haste.—CAPTAIN A. MOORMAN."

We can understand that the "Captain" is anxious to collect as many shilling postal orders as possible in the quickest possible time, and that may explain why he signs himself as "in haste."

Certainly our women readers will be well advised to ignore the "Captain's" advertisements.

Shipping companies and those who need stewardess-assistants can obtain them quite easily without the assistance of "Captain" Moorman.

The demand for a fee, however small, in advance is not likely to impress us with the *bona fides* of this nautical gentleman.

the MASTER KEY

key of the window and escorted the man to it. From the interior of the shop he spent a good deal of time inspecting the goods in the window, and when the assistant's back was turned for a moment, must have slipped the key out of the lock. Whatever means he employed are not known, but in some secret way he took an impression of the key and then dropped it on to the floor to allay suspicion.

That very night the window of that shop was ransacked and even the door leading to the department in which it was situated had been entered and left undamaged by a skeleton key!

Officials of numerous stores in London and different parts of the country have complained to the authorities that they have been similarly victimised.

It is even on record that the laxity with which "window keys" of this kind are issued to customers is so bad that some stores have found confiding assistants handing over keys to hatless and frock-coated men who have had the temerity to wander into a shop and pose as shop-walkers!

Detectives figured the other day in an amazing raid which took place at a North London store. Under the new wireless system which has been perfected at the "Yard" it is now possible for the occupants of patrolling police cars to have knowledge of a burglary within a minute or so of it taking place.

In the North London case a Flying Squad "van" was patrolling in a main street only a short distance away from the scene of the crime. Through the radio receiver hidden in the roof of the "van" came the details of the robbery, the number of the car involved, and brief particulars of the men who had taken part in it.

A most dramatic scene followed. Going in the direction of the robbery, the officers in the police "van" saw the men racing away at a terrific speed. It would have been useless for the officers to have called to them to stop, so they had to race on themselves in the hope of overtaking the bandits' car.

The speed of the Flying Squad vehicle was much greater than the other, and the tussle ended in the police van "ramming" the latter. The men were taken into custody, and in the possession of one of them was a "ring" of skeleton keys. Five of these were later pronounced to be the finest ever seen by police experts. They could be manipulated in more than a dozen different ways.

Recently, following on the growth of this particular "master key racket," cases in which colossal sums have been involved have, among numerous other places, been reported to the police in Edinburgh, Leeds, Wakefield, Northampton, Wellingborough, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Coventry, Brighton and, of course, in different parts of London.

Constantly, too, the keys which have been used to open the doors of private establishments have been obtained from house agents entrusted with the task of finding suitable tenants or purchasers for the residences that are subsequently raided.

It is officially recorded that a famous store which was some time ago robbed of tens of thousands of pounds' worth of property was "worked" by skeleton key experts, who eventually marketed their booty on the Continent.

Blackmailed

One very bad case which Scotland Yard officers are now investigating concerns a wealthy man who foolishly compromised himself in unhappy circumstances.

A servant got to know of the unpleasant incident and blackmailed him. When he refused to part with any more money the blackmailer engineered a robbery.

He opened his employer's desk with a skeleton key and stole everything he possessed, including letters which he has since used for incriminating purposes.

In some instances the police have obtained evidence that dishonest servants have for a consideration loaned the principal keys of their employers to crooks for "copying" purposes.

In one notable instance which Chief Inspector Sands investigated, a woman's flat was ransacked and the doors and locks appeared outwardly as though they had not been disturbed.

Under cross-examination, however, the butler finally admitted that he had been in collusion with the thieves.

He had lent them several keys, which were returned to him and put back in their proper place after they had been copied.

Great problem

It often happens, too, that when the more resourceful types of burglars and housebreake. are caught, they are found in possession of skeleton keys of the most modernised kind.

At the Mansion House Police Court the other day a man was charged as a "suspected person," and in his possession were seven master keys, perfect specimens of the up-to-date crook's stock-in-trade.

It requires no imagination to appreciate the menace of such implements in the hands of a skilful and daring rogue.

One of the rogues who has been closely identified with this growing traffic has been a notorious "receiver" of stolen property for years.

Though a small army of burglars, housebreakers, racecourse toughs—and police officers—know full well that the proceeds of many of these "key" robberies are disposed of by him through agents, he has so far managed to evade arrest.

Thus is the art of the "Skeleton Key" criminal developing into one of the most dangerous problems in the annals of modern crime.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

It All Depends on You

TO what extent you enjoy life depends on the extent to which you can train your mind to adjust its outlook to changing circumstances. Happiness is a state of mind. You can be happy with no possessions at all.

With all the wealth of the world at your disposal you can be utterly miserable. You can be a failure and still be happy. You can be an outstanding success and yet be discontented and unhappy. For the simple truth is that happiness is a product you must manufacture for yourself. It is not a thing that anyone else can give you. No one else can make it for you.

The world in which you live is the world your own mind makes. Each mind makes its own little world. The cheerful mind makes a cheerful world. The discontented mind makes a miserable and unhappy world. It is our own mind that gives to all situations and all happenings their real character. We can make them look rosy or gloomy, hopeful or utterly despairing. The thing is entirely under our own control.

No one can force us to be happy or unhappy. No one can compel us to be contented or discontented. We can be which we like, when we like. There is one little secret. Those people get on best who do not expect too much from life, or too much from other people. To take what comes and make the best of it, to take others as we find them and treat them for what they are, instead of trying to make them something else—these are the simple recipes for getting the most fun out of life.

And don't forget that half the secret of happiness lies in the contrast with unhappiness. When you have been working hard for months, it is the release into a week or two of leisure that makes a holiday so enjoyable. To do nothing in particular is only a pleasure when you have been doing plenty!

And, for a parting thought, ponder over this: "We deem those happy," wrote an old Roman philosopher, 2,000 years ago, "who, from experience, have learned to bear the ills of life without being overcome by them."

You Save Homes from Ruin

JOHN BULL'S Open Letter to "The Marriage Mender"

DEAR MR. CLAUD MULLINS,—You, more than any other magistrate, are humanising the police court. Indeed, you have become something more than a magistrate. The Press now refers to you as "The Marriage-Mender," a title which you must be proud to acknowledge.

How well you deserve it is proved by the fact that, in the seven months of this year alone, more than 130 marriages have been saved from breaking up by the homely reforms you and your colleague, Mr. Broderick, are carrying out.

And you have done so simply by seeing that unhappy wives and husbands who seek separation get tactful advice from a probation officer, and that the court really understands what the dispute is about.

Now, that doesn't sound very wonderful, and it isn't. What makes it remarkable is that it is flying in the august face of Authority.

For, when you first thought about putting your idea into practice, Authority said it was impracticable. When you started to test it, Authority rapped your knuckles.

There was no precedent for trying to smooth out domestic difficulties in a court freed from the criminal atmosphere, and precedent is the most cherished tenet of the legal creed.

I do not intend to flatter you. I do not think that you are a great reformer or an infallibly wise judge. But you have courage and determination, and you refused to be cowed by criticism or rebuke.

You not only wrote and talked about your methods, even though the publicity may have made some of your staider colleagues sniff, you persisted in carrying them out. You devoted special afternoons to the hearing of matrimonial cases; you appointed a panel of medical men to give advice on sex matters. When you were moved to another court you started your "Marriage Afternoons" over again

Now you are winning.

But your success is not enough. What you are doing in the South-Western Police Court, London, should be done in every town in the country. There are more than a quarter of a million husbands paying separation and maintenance orders; there are another 30,000 orders granted every year!

You have shown that more than half the matrimonial squabbles brought to your court can be happily ended; no one dare say that an equal proportion of those quarter million estranged couples could not have been reconciled had their cases been heard more patiently.

The truth is that our police courts have become mere machines for doling out separation orders, with all the slickness we expect from machines. For most magistrates dislike hearing matrimonial cases and get rid of them quickly.

In fairness to your brothers on the Bench, let me say that they are often too overworked with criminal cases, and the ever-increasing motoring and other technical offences, to afford the time and patience needed to adjust domestic differences. Besides, Authority declares that they are going beyond their duties if they try to get to the bottom of trouble between husband and wife!

All that must be ended. There must be set up, as I have been urging for years, Courts of Domestic Relations to save marriages from being smashed up without adequate reason. You, indeed, have already adopted one of my suggestions. Before a case is brought to your court, even before the husband receives the formal summons, the probation officer sends him a friendly letter offering his services. This leads to interviews, and often, you find, to satisfactory settlements.

If it fails, then the case should be heard in private court. To force husband and wife to wash their dirty linen in public, and perhaps to reveal their most intimate secrets in the hearing of inquisitive neighbours and the prurient-minded, is a disgrace no civilised community should tolerate.

Moreover, we must see that the right sort of magistrate is appointed to these tribunals. No longer must young couples, whose trouble is probably no more than a tiff that could be easily ended by a tactful adviser, appear before grey-bearded or unsympathetic J.P.s.

Well, all this will come. Grudgingly but surely. Authority will have to give way—has, indeed, already started to do so.

Some time ago, Lord Snell pleaded in both Houses of Parliament for such Courts of Domestic Relations. In vain. Lord Merrivale, the distinguished divorce judge, met with a similar refusal. Then, confronted with the success of your experiment and the stern warning of Lord Merrivale, the Government began to climb down.

A year ago it appointed a committee to consider the matter. True, that body was also told to deal with such things as the probation system and the payment of fines—maybe in the hope that a decision on the main issue might be postponed.

But, though the committee is still sitting, the Government has just had to tell it to speed up its report. I have no doubt that report will advocate long-needed changes.

Meanwhile, it is left to you to show how much can be done to relieve needless misery in the home. And no magistrate could choose a finer task.

JOHN BULL

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Sir JOHN SIMON,
Home Secretary

DEAR HOME SECRETARY,—It seems such a small thing to worry you about. Three small boys. An orchard. A shilling's worth of stolen plums. That's about all.

Nevertheless, I can't help asking you what was the good of trying those youngsters of exemplary character by special magistrates in a special court to "keep them free from contact with crime," as your department so proudly says of its new methods.

For their finger-prints were taken. And, despite the heartbroken protest of one father, they will be kept in the police records as long as they have breath.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. and Mrs. JOSEPH LOADER,
Bridlington

DARBY AND JOAN,—Many humble hearts will echo my wish that your retirement after 27 years as Master and Matron of Bridlington Poor Law Institution will be long and happy.

It will be assured by the fact that you were pioneers in abolishing throughout the country the taint of a special uniform for paupers.

Dickens would have loved you for that.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. WALTER ELLIOT,
Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries

DEAR MR. ELLIOT,—Thousands of miles of valuable fishing grounds will be closed to already hard-hit British fishermen if Norway persists in her claim to extend her fishing zone.

It is a tragedy that must be averted, by appeals to Norway's long-standing love of this country in the first place, and, if that fails, by retaliation if necessary.

JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATES,
Walsall

DEAR SIRS,—Excited by the drink bought out of the first full week's wages he had drawn for twenty years, a Walsall labourer out on ticket-of-leave struck a policeman.

It was a quandary for you, believing prison the adequate penalty for such an act. Such a course would have meant his serving the unexpired portion of his sentence—a year and ninety-seven days. And so you bound him over.

That act was to your infinite credit.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. W. S. BURGESS,
Medical Officer of Health, Dundee

DEAR DOCTOR,—It isn't very nice to learn, on your authority, that 30 per cent. of the cattle slaughtered in Dundee last year were partially affected with disease, despite your statement that there is no danger to consumers provided the infected part is cut out.

If it is true of Dundee only, then I'm glad I don't eat there. And if it is true of the whole country, the sooner the Ministry of Health does something about it the better.

JOHN BULL.

Lieut.-Col. J. M. MITCHELL, Carnegie United Kingdom Trust: I welcome your suggestion that local authorities should provide Institutes of Leisure. Lonely and out-of-work people don't hang about street corners out of choice.—JOHN BULL.

The URBAN COUNCILLORS,
Abergele, North Wales

SLOWCOACHES,—A coroner has taken the unusual course of writing direct to you about the complete lack of warning notices along seven miles of beach where six lives have been lost in the last month.

Instead of being stirred to action you have "referred the matter to a committee for special consideration."

I should have referred it to a good, quick-working sign-painter.

JOHN BULL.

SOUTH AFRICAN TEST TEAM

GENTLEMEN,—The message his Majesty has sent you congratulating you on your great victory in winning the rubber after such close and well-fought matches expresses the views of every sportsman in the land.

What we look forward to now is just such another tussle with Australia, with all thoughts of bodyline controversy forgotten. Who cares, then, if we lose again?

JOHN BULL.

ARNOLD BINNS, Hebden Bridge, Yorks: You went eleven nights without sleep to roller-skate for 262 hours 55 minutes. Mothers of sick babies sometimes do it, but to better purpose.—JOHN BULL.

Sir KINGSLEY WOOD,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR KINGSLEY,—You will learn in the next day or so, if you have not done so already, that the rapacity of certain landowners round Cardiff is holding up a local scheme you have suggested for settling unemployed families on small-holdings.

These privateers are asking up to £400 an acre for land worth nothing like it, and the whole scheme is threatened.

Rest assured that any action you find you can take against these modern counterparts of the war profiteers, no matter how strong it may be, will have the support of all decent people, many thousands of landowners among them.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. PARKER,
Coroner for Chorley, Lancs

DEAR CORONER,—The silly people who criticised you for describing as a cad an unknown motorist who killed a man and drove on needed the rap over the knuckles you have given them.

You now describe him as a despicable and inhuman person, and say you would call him worse if you could find a word strong enough.

I'm searching my dictionary, too.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. C. E. TURNER,
St. Aidan's, Leeds

DEAR VICAR,—Throughout the next twelve months a thousand Roman Catholics will worship in the parish hall you have lent them while their church is being rebuilt.

I know you will hate my calling it a wonderful gesture, since you describe it as a "normal arrangement between friendly Christian bodies."

Yet, knowing the intolerance of many so-called Christians, I shall insist on praising both you and your flock.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN JONES,
Clerk to Deudraeth Council.

SIR,—Now you have heard what many loyal Welshmen think of your stupidity in tearing up an auditor's report and sending it in fragments to the Ministry of Health because it was in the English language, you should be feeling very sorry for yourself.

Keep the beautiful native tongue of Wales alive by all means. Silly petulance won't help.

JOHN BULL.

THE COMMITTEE,
Crystal Palace Brass Bands Festival

SIRS,—All is ready for next month's Big Blow, which means so much to all bandsmen. May the best band win.

Yet, as many of the contestants have told you, that can only be assured if you stop the abuse of drafting ineligible players into certain bands specially for the occasion.

"We can see to that without altering the rules," you say. Fairness demands that you do.

JOHN BULL.

JEWS on the RACK

by A. G. Gardiner

The Nazis' leading Jew-baiter, Julius Streicher. The danger of his creed spreading is a menace to European civilisation

WHETHER we are Gentiles or whether we are Jews, we cannot be indifferent to the battle which is raging in Central Europe on what I may call the Jewish front.

We cannot be indifferent to it because upon the issue depends not only the fate of the Jews, but the character and quality of European civilisation in the future.

The battle is by no means confined to Germany, but it is there that it has its centre and what happens there will influence the whole field of operations in Europe. The omens are conflicting.

On the one hand, the descent on Berlin of Julius Streicher, the notorious editor of *Der Stürmer* and the Jew-batter-in-Chief of Nazi Germany, suggests that the wave of anti-Semitism is still rising and that the persecutions have not yet reached their climax.

It is not conceivable that Hitler would have permitted this fanatic to set the capital in a blaze with his incitements to violence if he had not wished it to be set in a blaze.

He is the friend of Streicher, and the friendship is based on a common hatred of the Jew.

On the other hand, there is Herr Schacht's significant speech at Königsberg and the bitter conflict it has revealed between the Finance Minister and Goebbels. I call it significant because it is the first time a public man—or, indeed, any sort of man—has dared to raise his voice in Germany against the excesses of anti-Semitism.

Of course, he wrapped up his indignation in a good deal of cotton-wool, but it burst through all the same. "Lord preserve us from our friends," he said, and he scornfully scourged "the people who, by darkest night, heroically smear shop windows, who placard every German who buys in a Jewish shop as a traitor and who call all former Freemasons rascals."

FOLLOWING so fast on the heel of Herr Streicher's ravings this was like a direct rebuke and Goebbels promptly cut off the broadcast. Hence the quarrel between Schacht and Goebbels which may compel Hitler to choose between sacrificing his financial chief or putting a muzzle on the Jew-baiters.

It is difficult to conceive him doing the latter, for anti-Semitism is the linchpin of his policy. But his financial position is desperate and Schacht is his irreplaceable man in this matter. If the latter stands to his guns, he may compel Hitler to put the brake on the extremists.

In any case, the incident shows that underneath the surface there are the rumblings of powerful discontent which may well turn the tide of battle.

Meanwhile, the happenings in Germany are having their effect far beyond the borders of Germany. Anti-Semitism is a spirit that is latent more or less in most countries. It is quiescent when the world is normal and flames out when the world is disturbed and wants a scapegoat for its ill-humours. And the lead of Germany is awakening the spirit throughout Central Europe.

TAKE the case of Poland which, with its three and a half millions of Jews, is, I suppose, relatively the most Semitic country on the Continent. Its territory on the west marches for 1,200 miles with the frontiers of Germany and it is not surprising that it has caught the infection from its neighbour.

The movement does not, of course, control the Government as in Germany, but it has assumed formidable dimensions. It has captured a powerful Party, popularly known as the "Endeks," composed for the most part of business, professional and official classes. It has some sixty representatives in the Sejm, controls important newspapers in Warsaw, Cracow and other of the principal cities, and the keynote of its policy is an embittered anti-Semitism hardly distinguishable in violence from that of Germany.

Naturally, as the Warsaw correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* points out, the stronghold of the movement is that part of the country which borders on Germany, where German Nazis are most numerous.

But the propaganda against the Jews is being spread throughout the country by trained agents. Outrages and riots have occurred in places like Grodno, Suwalki and Racias; local councils have been petitioned (so far unsuccessfully) to expel all Jews from their districts and cases have occurred in which Christian merchants have refused to participate in business exhibitions because Jews were exhibiting.

Nor is the case of the Jews in Austria less ominous. They occupy as prominent a place in the business and intellectual life of the country as they do in Germany, and are subject to the same latent hostility.

Hitler as an Austrian represents that animus and if he succeeds in his aim of bringing Austria under the heel of Germany there is no doubt that the Jews will be as roughly handled there as in Germany.

That prospect is brought substantially nearer by Mussolini's plunge into the African adventure. With France, Italy had become the chief guarantor of Austrian independence, but Mussolini's pre-occupation with the vast Abyssinian business may easily reduce his share of the guarantee to waste-paper.

If he had designed to play into Hitler's hand on the Austrian issue he could hardly have acted more helpfully. He has turned his back on Austria and if he gets entangled, as he well may, in a long and devastating war far from his base he will leave the Austrian plum to fall into Hitler's lap.

If that happens practically the whole of Central Europe will be a "closed shop" so far as the Jews are concerned.

THERE is, of course, another side to the Jewish outlook in Europe. Russia, which used to be the home of the pogrom, now gives the Jew complete equality of treatment and full citizenship within the severe limits of the Communist autocracy.

And neither in France nor in England is there any symptom that the German frenzy has affected popular feeling.

There is an element of anti-Semitism in both countries, but free institutions make it negligible. Nothing is more remarkable than the failure of Sir Oswald Mosley and his Black Shirts to get any effective public response to their anti-Semitic appeals.

Indeed, the Fascist movement itself has withered away so completely that it has ceased to have any place in political calculations.

Thus the position that confronts Jewry in Europe is this: A central block of Powers in which the race is proscribed and persecuted or threatened with proscription and persecution with almost medieval severity and a surrounding group of countries in which their liberties are apparently secured beyond challenge.

What the effect of this upon the European system will be is one of the major problems of the future. How long the phenomenon will last depends upon how long it takes Europe to escape from the clutches of the dictatorships and to return to free institutions.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

SEASIDE SIBYLS

WHEN you're feeling tired of bathing
And the blisters on your back
Remind you to be wary of the sun,
When the energy for tennis or aquatic sport you lack,
And you don't much like the book you've just begun,
To escape the scent of seaweed and the sight of sunburned skin,
You may seek a certain sanctum and decide to enter in.

There a sibyl sits in waiting, as a spider waits for flies,
And your fortune (for a fee) will you be told:
She may gaze into a crystal or your palm may scrutinise,
Then quite confidently will her tale unfold:
If you're female, she will tell you if, and when, you will be wed;
If a male, she'll burble to you of a "business deal" instead!

'Gainst a dark-haired man she'll warn you, and she'll breathe a hint of harm
That may follow from a journey you will make—
To protect you from such risks, she'll recommend a "lucky charm,"
Which perhaps you may be "mug" enough to take!

Then you'll go back to the sunshine, feeling bucked or else forlorn—
While she gaily sings her thanks that ev'ry minute one is born!

That you will be no wiser for your visit may be taken for granted. That you will be poorer by half-a-crown or five "bob" (plus, perhaps, the price of a charm against evil) is likewise dead certain. And that, so far as you are concerned, will be that.

But it does not always end thus, especially with those distressed in mind, as was pointed out by a Liverpool magistrate, Mr. F. Howey, when fining a fortune-teller and making a public protest against their exploitation of "a lot of hocus-pocus."

The trouble is that even at this time of day there are people who believe in that dark-haired gent. and the threat of impending disaster. Some may even believe in the money that is coming to them from across the water—and proceed recklessly to squander their substance on riotous donkey rides in anticipation thereof.

For in the presence of the sibyl even the sceptic is apt to weaken. Many a man who knows hocus-pocus when he meets it with a cigar in its mouth and a mining prospectus protruding from its breast-pocket is not always so spry when he encounters it in a curtained parlour with a dreamy look in its eyes.

After all, argue the "fortune" hunters, male and female, there may be *something* in it—though nobody has ever explained why information anent the future hidden from Einstein, racing tipsters and Signori Negretti and Zambra should be vouchsafed an aitchless dame with imitation jade earrings.

The plain fact is that not a few people who think they know what's what are less certain, so to speak, about which is witch. In public they would indignantly refuse to clap their hands to show that they believe in fairies, but in private they part with their coin and show that they believe in harpies.

Sometimes, of course, they profess to consult the female behind the crystal setting with their tongues in their cheeks, but though they may go to scoff they invariably remain to pay.

Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
With their aid were fortunes told
In those dark, dark days of old!

These have vanished from the stage;
In this more enlightened age
By our palms the future's read
Or the bumps upon our head!

Wool of bat or magic pass,
Eye of newt or globe of glass;
Witches round a cauldron bent,
Sibyl sitting in a tent:
View the lot in proper focus—
Hocus-pocus! Hocus-pocus!

Says Christopher Stone

"I DO ADVISE YOU TO HEAR A BUSH RECEIVER"

I SUPPOSE, in days to come, radio will bring us new marvels but at the moment is there any instrument of its size and price calculated to give more pleasure to music lovers than this Bush Radio?

Here is a lovely piece of work, its output is so powerful that a whole school of children can romp to its music and yet it is so thoughtfully made that it can be tuned to whisper ever so softly, yet distinctly, to an invalid who must have quiet.

This dial, too, is a fine idea. The name of the station you hear is illuminated—the rest are more or less invisible, so that any child who can read can tune it perfectly.

I was sitting in my garden a few nights ago when a Tzigany band was playing in Budapest and the cloying, sighing music came over my lawn as intimately as it must have sounded in that open-air cafe a thousand miles away. In all my experience I have never been happier with any set than with the Bush.

• • •

MODEL S.A.C.25 (with which Christopher Stone is photographed), 5 valve (including rectifier) 7 stage super-het. New patent tuning dial with unique system of illumination. Full delayed A.V.C. Combined variable tone control and "peaceful tuning" which suppresses background noises. The Triode output is something really exceptional for a table model, both as regards the tone and volume.

The Speaker itself is a specially designed and very large energised Moving Coil which does full justice to the magnificent output.

4/3 per week or cash 13½ GNS.

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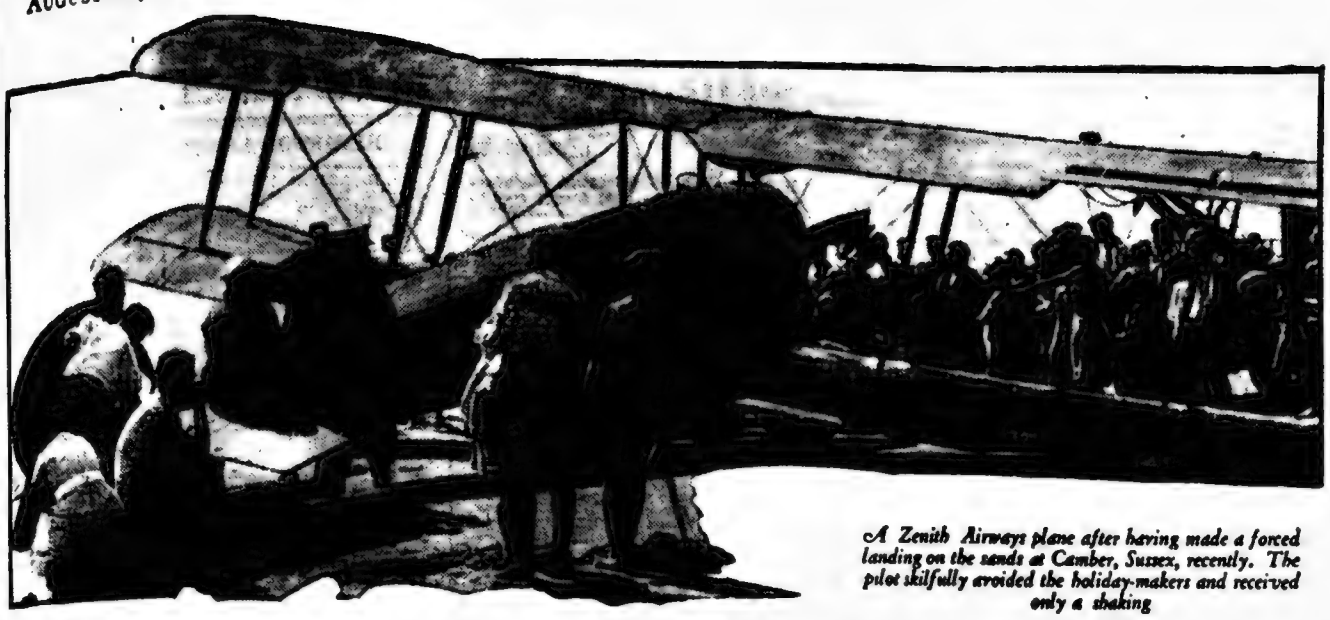

A Zenith Airways plane after having made a forced landing on the sands at Camber, Sussex, recently. The pilot skilfully avoided the holiday-makers and received only a shaking

An Audacious FLYING Ramp

by

Sir Wyndham Childs

HOLIDAY-MAKERS on Camber Sands, Sussex, had an unpleasant thrill the other day when a machine belonging to Zenith Airways, Ltd., made a forced landing on the beach. The pilot's skill averted what might have been a serious accident.

I have noted this incident with more than usual interest, for this particular flying company is one of a group of queer enterprises which have lately come under my notice.

From facts before me I foresee crashes of a very different character ahead of this group, though I trust that the warning I am now going to issue will avert serious consequences for those who may be considering the possibility of giving them monetary support.

Prompt reply

It will simplify my story if I begin by dealing with the recent experience of one of my readers who was attracted by a small advertisement in a daily newspaper intimating that an exceptional opportunity existed for a really keen young gentleman to take up secretarial duties on a weekly journal.

He wrote, as the advertisement directed, to "Watson," at an address in Belmont Hill, Lewisham, and received a prompt reply from "General Express," described as the official journal of the British Flying League, 165, Shaftesbury Avenue, London.

This letter explained that the vacant position was that of assistant manager at the Lewisham office of "General Express," a new weekly journal to be published in conjunction with an airways scheme which had been started last year, but which had recently been formed into a limited liability company—Zenith Airways, Ltd.

My reader was further informed that this company owns two aeroplanes and holds the sole flying rights and Air Ministry licence for Camber Aerodrome, near Rye, where flying is now taking place daily.

In addition, the British Flying League is being founded as an association for all interested in flying. A smart uniform is being designed for the use of members, who will be enabled to take part in all flying activities.

A branch is said to have been opened at Lewisham to embrace the south-eastern districts of London, while another branch is contemplated at Streatham for the south-western districts.

It will be the function of the "General Express" to keep the British Flying League's activities constantly before the public. In addition to flying matters, it will cover all subjects usually dealt with by a local newspaper, including film news, reviews of books, articles on current local affairs, local sport and so on.

Now, all this is decidedly ambitious and interesting, but, having whetted the applicant's appetite with these particulars the general manager for "General Express" gives the pleasant reassurance that "no experience of flying or journalism is necessary providing you possess ordinary business experience."

Old story

I daresay a good many readers will share my amusement at the thought of an enterprising newspaper, official journal for a modern flying league, being so free and easy as to appoint assistant managers without experience of either flying or journalism!

But, of course, there is a fly in the ointment. The successful applicants will be required to invest the sum of £100 in order to secure the post, being offered in return a salary of £4 a week plus one-third of additional profits.

Thus we have the hoary old employment-with-investment proposition, skilfully cloaked by a lot of preparatory jargon about official journals, flying leagues, airways, branch offices and the rest!

In these circumstances it is well to examine more closely the constitution of the various enterprises, and one of the first facts that emerges is that the individual behind them all is one Donald T. Heaysman.

He is "Editor" and "General Manager" for the journal of the British Flying League—the "General Express." He it is who writes to applicants, setting forth his proposition with such enthusiasm; he it is who interviews applicants when they call at his head office.

He is also the leading director and biggest shareholder for Zenith Airways, Ltd., a company registered in May of this year with a nominal capital of £1,000.

The mysterious "Mr. Watson," to whom applicants are first invited to write, seems to be a very shadowy person indeed. The name does not appear on the printed notepaper used by this group of enterprises, nor does it figure in the registered particulars of Zenith Airways, Ltd., at Somerset House.

Now for "General Express," journal of the "British Flying League." The former is said to be published and owned by yet another concern—Heaysman News-Press, but this is not registered as a Business Name, so it is impossible to trace "Mr. Watson" in any official file.

As regards the claim that Zenith Airways, Ltd., holds the Air Ministry licence for Camber Aerodrome, I learn that the Ministry knows nothing whatever of this company, its licence having been issued to Donald T. Heaysman.

Further, the only significance of this document is that it approves Camber Aerodrome as a suitable flying ground.

And what of Donald T. Heaysman? A great deal might be told about this enterprising individual had I space at my disposal, for I have before me on my desk two boxes of bulky files covering his adventurous career for the past thirteen years!

During that period he has dabbled in almost every conceivable kind of business, and I would respect his energy had it always been directed into honest channels.

"Tactful men"

Actually, he has proved himself a clever but unscrupulous rogue, and most of his ventures have served only to cloak fee-snatching activities. As a bogus theatrical manager he has stranded concert parties; he has functioned as a bookmaker and run estate companies, investment companies, film ventures, and even a concern for marketing herbal products.

Partnership or employment-with-investment propositions have usually been his favourite means of parting dupes from their money, but he is a man of infinite resource, and once had the audacity to launch a scheme with the ambitious title of National Detective Service!

With an office in the Strand, London, he advertised for "smart, tactful men" under the cryptic designation "National." When applicants wrote in he intimated that the National Detective Service was prepared to handle such delicate matters as "divorce, blackmail, watching, missing relatives, etc."

He was then looking for pupils, to whom he offered "an intensive training course"—at a cost to them of £5 for a week's training, "covering every branch of the work."

That, then, is the man now so actively engaged in seeking £100 investors for his precious "General Express" and "British Flying League."

I cannot be too emphatic in warning the public to leave his latest enterprises severely alone, for his record shows that he fully merits the description applied to him by an Old Bailey judge who once sentenced him—"a plausible and utterly unscrupulous rogue."

Dutch Money Maze

THE latest bucket-shop offer to be placed before gullible investors comes from Holland. A concern called the Nederlandsch Effecten Kantoor, of Amsterdam, is sending out circular letters in English inviting people to participate in "a special kind of Stock Exchange transaction."

An investment of £30, says the circular, may prove highly profitable.

"According to special information received from our overseas (East Indian) confidential agents, a considerable rise of at least 20 per cent. in the price of 'Amsterdam Rubber' shares is to be expected in the near future, it is said, so that by this rise alone you can with your £30 investment earn about £29 16s."

That is handsome enough, surely, but much more is possible, apparently. Fluctuations in currency may earn a further £29 15s., or even £58 5s., in a very short time.

All three opportunities of profit, it is claimed, can be secured by one single investment of £30.

"It will be clear," prospective speculators are told, "that practically no risk is involved by concluding a combined 'Currency-stock transaction,' since, in all probability, and according to our information, at least one of the three possibilities of profit must certainly be realised in the near future."

Investors may speculate in units of £30 up to £600, but the company will only accept greater sums than £600 "under reserve"—whatever that may mean.

It is very kind of this Dutch bucket-shop to go out of its way to make such handsome profits for British investors by placing its "special information" at their disposal. But those who believe that such philanthropy is genuine, or that such fantastic profits are to be realised, must be so gullible that their money has probably been lost long ago.

In any case, there is no need to send cash to Amsterdam to be lost; our own City of London is full of philanthropic financiers with "special information."

£5,000 for a Slogan

Tens of thousands of children in Great Britain are looking for somewhere to play! They long for green fields and open spaces.

Everyone will seize an opportunity to help them and the *Daily Herald* has provided the opportunity in a mammoth Slogan Competition.

It offers the world's record prize of £5,000 Cash for a slogan which will best make the nation conscious of this great need. There is a second award of £250, a third of £100, and 1,000 special awards.

The *Daily Herald* is also offering *unlimited* Free Gifts to all who send in five completed entry forms in one envelope. Get to-day's *Daily Herald* for full details.

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FREE ILLUS. PRICE LIST to dealers and beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

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SOMETHING really new in Clubs! The "Sixit" Club is different. At last, just what club organisers and members have been waiting for—a club that is complete in six weeks. Why wait twenty weeks for your turn? Two prices only, 3/- and 6/-. 10/- goods for 6/- and 5/- goods for 3/-. Everything to wear. Useful things for the home. Big commission and postage. Most wonderful variety of goods ever gathered in one catalogue at such low prices. Send P.C. NOW for newly issued catalogue. GEO. DAY, LTD. (Dept. 2), 29, ALTRINCHAM STREET, MANCHESTER, 1.

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HIGHEST COMMISSION. Xmas Club Agents, Chocs., Toys, Fancy Goods, Cigarettes, Free Gifts. Huge Catalogue.—GOULD, Hartley Hill, LEEDS.

FREE to you NOW.—Rayon Silk Handkerchiefs and handsome Free Gift value 2/6, together with new Super Xmas Club Catalogue of 200 magnificent lines in Chocs., Fancy Goods, Cigs., etc. Biggest cash commission. Finest value and service in the trade.—Write now to HOFFBRANDS, 12, BREARTON STREET, BRADFORD. Est. 1920

AMAZING Free Gift Offer all enquirers for Watson's Xmas Club. Highest poss. comm., super value goods, mag. range Free Gifts. Send now for 200-p. Art Catalogue. Chocs., Cigs., Fancy Goods, Toys, Drapery, etc.—WATSON'S, (A), LTD., 137, ALBION STREET, LEEDS.

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The positions are both permanent and progressive, and the Company, which has its own huge Factories and thousands of employees, is just approaching its best period of the year.

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THE LATEST in Men's Wrist Watches—the Streamline model. You can get one by sending only 2/- deposit. See advt. top of page 3.

FREE.—Send for a free copy of Philips' new catalogue, giving full particulars of their new radio receivers. There are numerous models from 6½ gns. upwards, and every set can be obtained on easy monthly payments. Get your copy now by filling in the coupon on the front cover. Turn to this now while you think of it.

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RELIABILITY of BUSH Superhet Radio Sets is renowned. They can be obtained from as low as 2/6 a week, and can be seen and heard at your local Bush dealer. If you don't know his name, write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Bush Radio, Ltd., Dept. J.B., 58, Woodger Road, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12. See p. 12.

GARDENING.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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Boy *who* Should Never *Have* Died

The case of ten-years-old Robert Welbourn will appal every parent

With alarming regularity reports have been forthcoming lately of fatal accidents befalling children in the death-trap schools of Britain.

Especially disturbing are two aspects of the death-roll. One is that in every case the child need not have died. The other is that all these tragedies occurred at denominational schools or other schools with a special place in the Education Acts, and that in no case so far, owing to the divided control of these schools, has it been possible to fix blame and liability upon any body or individual.

The annual report of the Board of Education states that the premises of 1,244 schools have been condemned as unsatisfactory. Can it be wondered at that there are repeated tragedies?

Still fresh in the public mind is the disaster at a Liverpool school, when a floor gave way and more than a hundred persons were maimed—some have died since—by the fall into space. No one has been held guilty for the rotten state of the building, and the victims can find no party from which to seek redress.

So also it has been in other parts of the country. Children are killed or die from injuries because they are condemned to be taught in schools the fabric, fittings or grounds of which are unsafe and never can anyone be declared to be culpable.

Consider the sad case of ten-years-old Robert Welbourn, of Avondale Road, Brandon, near Coventry. It is one which will appal every parent who studies it.

Little Robert Welbourn was a pupil at the Brandon Church of England School, the only educational establishment in the district. It is a unit of the Warwickshire Education Authority, and is under the immediate supervision of a local management committee.

In these respects it is like hundreds of other schools in the country to which parents are compelled to send their children.

Brandon School is also similar to a vast number of other schools of the kind, in that the playground for the children which is part of it is an utter disgrace. For years its condition has been a menace to life and limb.

Safety last

It could not have been worse laid out if the task of providing a romping ground and place of recreation for boys and girls had been entrusted to a band of homicidal lunatics.

It is nothing more than a collection of building gravel, and no effort appears ever to have been made to make it safe in any way.

From every square foot of ground there protrude ugly flints and jagged razor-edge stones, and boulders the size of a man's fist crop out everywhere from the dangerous surface coating of sharp and uneven splinters. There is also a manhole above the ground level which brings certain disaster to tiny feet. Any person could see at a glance that the place is a snare fraught with terrible consequences to a child who fell at play.

Protests against the condition of the playground and appeals to have it made safe for the little ones have been repeated for years, but always they have been ignored or proved unavailing.

The authorities have known for a long time that it was dangerous, and they should have foreseen that tragedy of some kind would inevitably happen sooner or later. They have been content merely to make pious entries in the minute-book.

Brandon School is no worse, however, than countless similar schools. It is not the responsibility of anyone to ensure the safety of children who attend them. But if parents refuse to submit their children to the danger by not sending them to these schools they are promptly threatened with criminal prosecution.

Ten-years-old Robert Welbourn has died because the authorities have been negligent, and the circumstances of his death warrant full recital.

He stumbled and fell while at play in the school grounds. A teacher to whom he went at once washed and bandaged a dirty knee-wound and sent him home for medical aid. The boy's father also cleaned and dressed the injury, and within an hour of the accident the wound was stitched at the surgery of a doctor some miles away.

There was no possibility of poisoning having been contracted after the accident. Robert was put to bed at home and his injury was medically examined a number of times in the week that followed.

Urgent call

After a week the child began to display most distressing symptoms. He could not speak or open his mouth to take food or liquid. The doctor who had first treated him was not available, but his deputy arrived in response to the father's urgent summons.

This doctor must have been deceived by the boy's condition. The parents state that he said he did not regard it as serious and told them to feed him with milk. They could not do so, of course, because the child was unable even to open his mouth.

Before the end of the day Robert was critically ill. A farmer friend who came to the house was under no misconception. He said at once that it was a case of lockjaw.

The boy's jaw set still more firmly, and at midnight the parents telephoned in anguish to the doctor. He told them to take the boy to a hospital.

Within an hour he had been rushed to the nospital of St Cross at Rugby, seven miles away. There the surgeons saw upon the briefest examination that it was a case of tetanus.

Great fight

Serum was administered, but it was a week too late. To have saved his life it would have had to be given within twenty-four hours of the accident. A great fight was made at the hospital to succour the child, but his death was then inevitable.

When an inquest was held the two doctors who had treated the boy were not called to give evidence. Yet the coroner expressed the opinion that it was a death which should have been avoided "with more enlightened treatment at the time of the accident."

That is a strong pronouncement to be made at an official enquiry. It would have been a fairer proceeding for the coroner to have called the doctors as witnesses and given them an opportunity to explain or to answer his attack.

Apart altogether from the medical considerations, however, the death of Robert Welbourn teaches again the lesson that parents must be alive to danger in the schools their children attend. Unless pressure is brought to bear, many local authorities are content to leave bad alone.

Homely Wisdom by
Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

Behind the Mask

There was a jingle, attributed I think to President Wilson, which used to circulate in the United States. I came across it in a paper there with the heading, "An Ugly Man's Consolation," and it ran thus:

The family say it's not fair.
My face—I don't mind it,
For you see I'm behind it;
But think what the rest have to bear.

The author of this piece of facetiousness, whether he were President Wilson or somebody else, evidently did not consider himself handsome, but was wise enough not to worry about his looks. He was of opinion that the persons to be pitied in relation thereto were those who had to put up with seeing him as he was, which he himself was not obliged to do. Or more probably he only pretended to be sorry for them.

* * *

Most men are quite indifferent about their features, though the indifference does not extend to impressiveness of personality. No man likes to be thought of as weedy in appearance or misshapen or handicapped by a squeaky voice or other inability to make his presence felt in general company; but facial beauty is usually esteemed a drawback rather than otherwise to true manliness. For a man to use lipstick or face cream would be revolting in the extreme.

With a woman, of course, the case is very different. Though beauty is but skin deep, as the old proverb says, yet it is a feminine attribute and a woman is right to preserve it as long as she can. The pity is that so many women try to improve on Nature in ways that are repellent rather than attractive.

* * *

I do not think I am the only man in the world who objects to the sight of vermilion lips and rouged cheeks. A plain but kindly face is far more winsome than one that is "got-up" by artificial aids till its natural charm has been obliterated. One recalls Lady Oxford's answer to the enquiry as to how she liked the American complexion. She said she didn't know, as she had never seen it. The point of the sarcasm is barbed when the reader understands that it was uttered in New York.

One of the American bishops at the Lambeth Conference of 1930 told a story against himself with great gusto. He is said to be so ugly that he is proud of it as a distinction. One day a hideous fellow came up to him out West and said solemnly: "I am sorry to say, bishop, that I have to shoot you." The bishop was startled, for in the States such a threat is not always a joke. "What for?" he exclaimed. "Because," was the rejoinder, "I have vowed that if I ever met a man uglier than myself I would shoot him." "Am I uglier than you?" demanded the bishop. "You are." "Then shoot and be quick about it," was the finish of the tale.

* * *

A portrait painter has just been telling me that no one ever sees himself as he really is; others view him more truly than he ever can. The same is true of character. We may think we know ourselves, but we don't. We know some things that are hidden from the world perhaps—our regrets for our mistakes, our longing to do better, our secret struggles and pathetic feelings of baffleement and failure—but there are other things in which the world's perception of our value is clearer than our own. It is said we wear a mask in the presence of our fellow-creatures, but those who have much to do with us can see behind the mask.

To be utterly sincere with ourselves as with others without being arrogant is a distinguishing mark of goodness, and he who so lives has nothing to hide.

Write to
JOHN BULL
About It!

CLUB HOLDERS & CLUB MEMBERS . . . . .

Every Turn is First Turn with John England!

FIRST 1/- BRINGS ALL MEMBERS THEIR GOODS . . NO WAITING FOR TURNS . . WE GIVE CREDIT BECAUSE WE TRUST

Club Holders—to-day your members do not want to wait for their turns, as they've always had to in the past. They want their goods at once, and in a John England Credit Club they get them directly upon payment of the first 1/-. Because of this, hundreds of new members are joining John England, where Every Turn is First Turn—and the Goods are "the Goods."

We place the greatest trust in our club holders and members, and charge nothing extra for long credit. It's the Hall-mark of perfect honesty to hold a John England Agency.

YOU CAN START TO-DAY WITH AS FEW AS 5 MEMBERS!

You do not have to get 20 or even 10 members under the "John England" system.
You can form a club of 5 members upwards—for instance, just members of your family.

SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO

JOHN ENGLAND

(1933 LIMITED)

"Every Turn is First Turn"

READING LANE, HACKNEY, LONDON, E.8

WE DO THE REST

The GREAT 'Persian Carpet' SWINDLE

WHAT amounts to a national ramp is being worked in practically every part of the country by a cleverly organised army of super-salesmen-tricksters who are finding victims in quiet village hamlets and in bustling towns.

Our investigations show that there is a central organisation which controls the activities of a large force of crooked salesmen. These salesmen are usually dressed as seamen and they talk easily of ships and smuggling. They form the army of glib-tongued and pseudo-nautical rascals who are working variations of the old "Persian Carpet" trick swindle.

Hitherto it has been worked spasmodically and on a much lesser scale, but now the "Persian Carpet Swindle" has been organised on most efficient business lines in a way which indicates the presence of some controlling master-brain behind the scenes.

Ground allotted

Recently, at a south coast town, four powerful cars were drawn up outside an unpretentious-looking hotel. Each car was loaded with cheap rugs which had never seen Persia. Inside the hotel were a group of crook salesmen, most of them of nautical appearance, wearing peaked caps and jerseys—and talking as if just back from a long voyage.

They were but one unit in the army engaged in working the "Persian Rug Trick." They were about to set out on a campaign of trickery, humbug and sharp practice, and the territory on which the groups were to work was being allotted.

When the last drink disappeared down thirsty throats, the pseudo-mariners, adjusting their peaked caps at the approved nautical angle, left the hotel and took their places in the waiting cars. With a cheery tooting of Klaxon horns the party set off to find their victims.

The experience of a reader living in Sussex explains how the revised and elaborated Persian rug trick is now being worked by these nautical impostors.

When this reader returned home recently, his wife told him that a young man had called and made an offer of £25 for a grandfather clock, £6 for an antique chair, and £5 for a tapestry cloth, and left a card bearing the inscription:—

E. Cooper and Co., Shaftesbury Avenue, London.

This young man, all smiles and charming in manner, promised to call on the following Tuesday and pay cash for the antiques, etc., which he would then collect.

On the day after his visit a letter was received on the letter-heading of E. Cooper and Co., who were described as "Antique Furniture Buyers" and "Buyers of Persian rugs, tapestries and curios." The address given was Shaftesbury Avenue, London; the lack of a street number seemed strange, but did not arouse suspicion at the time.

Dressed as seamen, these salesmen talk easily of ships and smuggling, and unload their goods on the unwary

The letter, which was signed J. Clark, manager, confirmed the offer of £36 for the antiques and stated that "our buyer will call on you on Tuesday, when he will pay cash for the above."

There was enclosed a list of prices which E. Cooper and Co. would pay for Persian carpets, rugs and runners. These prices ranged, according to size, from £8 to £100.

So the bait had been laid and the unsuspecting householder made aware that the firm of E. Cooper and Co. was prepared to buy Persian carpets.

On the Monday two nautical-looking young men arrived at the house, one giving his name as "John Jones" and the other as "John Rigby." The latter explained that he was a purser on board ship and was able to pick up Persian carpets and ivory curios cheaply. He explained that he would not be able to get any more as "the boys" had spoilt things by bringing over opium and other drugs, so that the "game" had been stopped.

At this point Jones stepped in and persuaded Rigby to let the lady have the carpets which were intended for an old friend. At which Rigby, under pressure of his friend Jones, gave way and agreed to sell his carpets, which were in a parcel and could not be sold separately.

The householder, bearing in mind the generous prices offered by E. Cooper and Co., whose representative was expected next day, saw an opportunity of making a profit on the carpets which Rigby was prepared to sell for £50. Rigby took part cash and an open cheque, as he said he must obtain the money at once to pay "the boys," who had helped him.

It was discovered by the householder on more careful inspection that the "genuine Persian carpets" were cheap imitations and worth a fraction of the amount paid for them! But by that time the spurious seamen were far away, so there only remained the hope that the representative of E. Cooper and Co., who was due to call on Tuesday to pay £36 for the antiques, would make an offer for the rugs. But unfortunately he has not appeared again on the scene, and, from our experience, is not likely to do so.

Similar methods

So another victim has been claimed by the Persian carpet tricksters.

Readers in Sheffield, Glamorgan, London, Cardiff—all over the country, in fact—have had similar experiences.

The methods are invariably the same: first the appearance of a young man who makes a generous offer for antiques, followed a day later by two nautical men, who unload imitation Persian carpets at a high price. Later, the realisation of the victim that the offer for his antiques was as faked as the Persian carpets he bought.

The stories told by these carpet swindlers may vary, but they are invariably "pursers" who give the impression that the carpets are smuggled, or are intended for someone else.

This trick is as old as the gold brick swindle, but it is now being worked with such well-planned efficiency that we feel justified in warning the public that a highly organised gang is now extremely active, literally combing the country for dupes.

In the case we have mentioned, the firm of E. Cooper and Co., of Shaftesbury Avenue, does not exist. It is not registered, nor does it appear in any directory, trade or otherwise. As no number in Shaftesbury Avenue is given, it is not to be traced. All the alleged business is done by callers and letters from the firm are not posted in London.

The rest is easy, or comparatively easy, for the glib-tongued "sailors" who unload their trumpery goods on the unwary.

Our investigations prove that a powerful organisation is now behind this amazing swindling campaign and we hope that the authorities concerned will take the necessary action to come to grips with the "brains" behind the latest Persian rug racket.

To prosecute a few of the "nautical" carpet salesmen may be useful, but they are but the pawns of a sinister organisation, which needs ruthless destruction.

SPOOF PROFESSOR'S SCHEMES

UNDER the heading "Charlatan on the Radio," we recently exposed an individual calling himself Professor El Tanah, who has been broadcasting from a Continental station to boost a dubious horoscope ramp that he conducts from Jersey.

* * *

We told how he had organised the horoscope-reading business on mass-production lines, offering his supposedly helpful predictions to people in England for fees ranging from 5s. to £2.

This spoof professor was unmasked by us as a notorious fee-snatcher of transatlantic origin named Mitchell, and described his star-gazing ramp as an audacious attempt to gull the public.

To people who challenge him about these criticisms, the professor sends a most amusing letter. He laments that though the writer of the article "may possibly have acted in good faith, he was woefully ignorant of the nature and standard of my work."

The standard of his rubbish would be a better expression!

Now the Professor has gained publicity in another direction. A Jersey newspaper reports that he is rumoured to be busy with new and more ambitious schemes involving the promotion of a luxury hotel on a grand scale.

A thousand bedrooms, a colossal swimming pool, a super-kinema are said to form part of his proposed plans.

But it seems very doubtful whether they will ever come to fruition—especially now that the Jersey Press is alive to his activities.

* * *

"Jersey should say 'good-bye' to 'Professor' El Tanah," declares the *Jersey Leader*, and asks: "Do our authorities read JOHN BULL, or have any communications with Scotland Yard?"

There is reason to hope, therefore, that the professor's activities may soon be curbed.

WORLD'S RECORD PRIZE FOR A SLOGAN

"Give us a field to play in!"

2ND PRIZE £250
3RD PRIZE £100
1,000 SPECIAL PRIZES

£5,000 MUST BE WON

AND UNLIMITED GIFTS

Daily Herald's GREAT

PLAYING FIELDS SLOGAN COMPETITION

This great Competition is launched to inspire every man and woman with a better understanding of the splendid movement to secure playing fields for the children, and to support the objects and aims of "The National Playing Fields Association." The "Daily Herald" is guaranteeing a further £500 to the funds of this Association to enable it to develop its great work.

THE "Daily Herald" is offering £5,000 for a slogan—a phrase of not more than twelve words—that will best advertise and help the great cause of providing playing fields and open spaces for children.

Everyone can make a slogan! Just think of a phrase of a few simple words that will make the nation "playing fields" conscious, and the colossal sum of £5,000 may be yours.

Just to help you, here are a few specimen slogans:—

"Cultivate playing fields and watch the children grow."

"The flower of the nation thrives in a playing field."

"More children in the fields—less accidents in the roads."

"They need fresh fields—to conquer."

Write your slogan on the Form below now. Only one slogan must be sent on each Entry Form.

You may send in as many entries as you wish, providing a remittance of sixpence accompanies each Entry Form.

An Entry Form will appear in the *Daily Herald* each day during the run of the competition. Here's your opportunity to help to bring health and joy to young Britain and a fortune to yourself.

Someone must win this big £5,000 Cash Prize—why not you?

In addition to the big first cash prize of £5,000 there is a second cash prize of £250, a third cash prize of £100 and 1,000 special prizes. Even this is not all. There are also unlimited Gifts Free!

Every reader who sends in FIVE Entry Forms will be presented absolutely FREE with a magnificent "P.F." Fountain Pen—worth 7/6.

Forms must be taken from five separate issues of the *Daily Herald*.

Every five entries you send in increases your opportunities of winning £5,000.

This Beautiful "P.F." Fountain Pen, worth 7/6 FREE

UNLIMITED FREE GIFT FOUNTAIN PENS

Everyone who enters this Competition has an opportunity of securing unlimited Fountain Pens Free.

You can have as many of these Fountain Pen Gifts as you like. The handsome "P.F." Fountain Pen, worth 7/6, illustrated below will be presented FREE to everyone who sends in FIVE completed entry forms together in one envelope. Beautifully made in super-quality material mottled in rich shades of fashionable colours, this pen is the latest self-filling model with a genuine **14-carat** solid gold nib, tipped with iridium. State nib required, **Fine, Medium, or Broad**, simply by crossing out on the label on right, the letters, F, M, or B, which do NOT apply.

All you have to do to secure your Free Gift Fountain Pens.

Applicants for this splendid Free Fountain Pen must fill in their name and full postal address in Block Letters on the Label on right, and affix a 1½d. stamp to the space provided. The label must be enclosed together with their FIVE Entries and Postal Order for **2/6** in one envelope. The word "GIFT" must be written in the top left-hand corner of the outside of the BACK of their envelope.

Every five slogans you enter brings one of these magnificent fountain pens to you—and gives you five opportunities of winning £5,000.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1. Entry forms must be filled in by the competitor (in person) and completed in ink, using block letters. Forms must not be mutilated or altered. The entrant's correct name and permanent address MUST be given on each Entry Form submitted.

2. Each Entry Form must be neatly cut out and must be sent in accompanied by a postal order value sixpence per Entry Form. Postal orders must be made payable to *Daily Herald* and crossed /& Co./. Name and address and date of sending must be written on the back of P.O., the number of which must also be given on the Entry Form. Postage stamps cannot be accepted in payment of entry money. There is no limit to the number of entries submitted, but not more than one Entry Form may be used from any one issue of the *Daily Herald*.

3. To qualify for a Free Fountain Pen Gift, save Entry Forms until five are collected, and then send them in properly completed, all together in one envelope and accompanied by a Postal Order for 2/6 and the Special Label, to which must be affixed a 1½d. stamp for return postage, packing, insurance, etc., of the pen. Write the word "Gift" on the outside of the back of the envelope in the left-hand top corner. Indicate on the Label the type of nib—Fine (F), Medium (M) or Broad (B) by crossing out the letters thereon NOT required.

4. The first prize of £5,000 Cash will be paid for the slogan of not more than 12 words that would best advertise and help the Movement for securing Playing Fields for children.

Cash Prizes of £250, £100 and 1,000 special prizes will be awarded for the next best slogans received in order of merit.

5. At the close of the competition every Slogan will be judged and the prizes awarded by a Committee of eminent experts.

6. Envelopes must contain entries from one competitor only. They must be sealed and bear the correct postage. Entries delivered by hand will not be accepted. Proof of posting is not proof of delivery and no responsibility will be accepted for entries lost, delayed or mislaid in transit or after delivery. No correspondence will be entered into or interviews granted.

7. The Competition Editor of the *Daily Herald* reserves the right to disqualify any competitor for reasons he considers good and sufficient, and failure to comply with any rule involves disqualification, together with forfeiture of entrance fees.

8. Employees of the "*Daily Herald* (1929), *Ltd.*" or any Associated Companies and members of their families are not allowed to compete. The closing date for receipt of entries will be announced in the *Daily Herald* later.

9. Address your entries:—Slogans, "Daily Herald" Playing Fields Competition, 27, Fleet Street, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

CUT HERE

Entry Form No. J.B.1.

Daily Herald

PLAYING FIELDS SLOGAN COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE £5,000 FOR A SLOGAN

SECOND PRIZE - £250
THIRD PRIZE - £100
1,000 SPECIAL PRIZES
AND UNLIMITED GIFTS

Write below a Slogan of not more than 12 words that would best advertise and help the Movement for providing more playing fields and open spaces for children. INK MUST be used. EACH entry form must be accompanied by a Postal Order value sixpence.

.....

.....

COMPLETE IN INK. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this competition, and to accept as final and legally binding the decision of the Competition Editor of the *Daily Herald* in all matters appertaining thereto.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

P.O. No. .....

Make P.O. payable to *Daily Herald* and cross /& Co./. Do not send stamps.

Address your entries:—Slogans, "Daily Herald" Playing Fields Competition, 27, Fleet Street, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Further Entry Forms appear daily in the "Daily Herald." J.B.31.8.35.

This label must only be used when sending in 5 Slogans for the Gift Fountain Pen.—Fill in your name and full postal address in the Label on the right in Block Letters and enclose it in the envelope with your five entries and Postal Order for 2/6

A three-halfpenny stamp MUST be firmly affixed here by applicant for free Fountain Pen.

F M B

Name.....

Full Postal Address .....

.....

If undelivered, please return to Depot, 68, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

WERE ELEVEN DOCTORS WRONG?

Why a Miner had to Suffer

John Lethbridge. Although eleven doctors said he was afflicted by a dread disease, yet he lost his compensation, and has no appeal

NYSTAGMUS.

The newspaper reader who sees that word in reports of accidents, and in accounts of inquest proceedings, seldom knows its dread meaning unless he be associated with the mining industry.

"Some defect of the eyes" is about the limit of the ordinary person's knowledge.

No word in the English language can convey a more dreadful message to the worker who is told he is afflicted by the disease. Doctors have the common experience of seeing strong men reel and collapse in the consulting rooms when they hear it pronounced.

From that moment their working lives are at an end. Even if their condition becomes relieved they will never get employment again. No firm or individual is ever likely henceforth to engage them even for the lightest labour. Recurrence is almost inevitable, and compensation would have to be paid.

In the Wilderness

The victim not only ceases to be a breadwinner for his family, he knows that sooner or later he will have to endure, in addition to the physical suffering, the mental torture of destitution and he and his becoming paupers.

For the workmen's compensation laws are so absurdly framed or loaded against the stricken workman that a reason will almost certainly be found to debar him from further compensation.

Theoretically and technically, he will be declared after a period to be free from the disease. Steps will be immediately taken then by his former employers or their insurance company to stop all payment of his meagre compensation.

In practice, he continues to suffer from the terrible consequences and complications of the disease and is classified in the labour market as unemployable, not only on these grounds but because no one will give him the chance to resume work.

Many tens of thousands of capable workmen are in the wilderness in Britain to-day because the brand of nystagmus is upon them. It can never be erased. One out of two will produce a document to show that he is no longer incapacitated by the disease and has no further right to compensation.

Real grievance

Even the action of exhibiting the paper gives the lie to the written word. The man trembles and shakes with the slightest muscular exertion.

He does not blame other employers for refusing to give him work and incurring the liability for future compensation when the disease manifests itself again in its most active forms.

But he has a justifiable grievance against the Act of Parliament which allows his compensation to be taken from him in the first place, and to make him a labour outcast dependent on the poor-law or private charity.

The tragedy of nystagmus can be seen at its worst in any coal-mining community. Miners particularly contract the disease because of working in the dark or in the light of faulty lamps. They are to be found everywhere in legions, poor broken relics of what was once splendid manhood.

Many of them have long since had their financial compensation withdrawn by the decision of a single doctor against whose verdict they have no right of appeal.

They sway and stagger in the street as if intoxicated, but most of them are not conscious of any unsteadiness of gait.

The disease comes upon them suddenly with what they believe to be merely failing eyesight. Violent headaches, sickness and insomnia follow, and quickly the victims are afflicted also by loss of muscular and nerve control and loss of the sense of balance and direction. Mental and nervous disorder is a common sequel.

It is to the credit of Sir John Simon that one of his first actions since he became Home Secretary has been the appointment of a committee to investigate the problem of nystagmus in relation to the payment of compensation.

JOHN BULL takes the opportunity to present to this committee, of which Judge Stewart will be chairman, a case which, by itself, reveals the unfairness of the whole of the existing law and gives reason for its prompt and very drastic revision. It is a case so typical and yet astounding that it should be known to every worker in the land.

The victim is Mr. John Lethbridge, aged 40, a miner, of Zealand Street, Oldham.

For five and half years Lethbridge has unquestionably been suffering from acute nystagmus, and numerous doctors have testified to the fact after prolonged examinations.

Now the small amount of compensation he received during that time has been stopped because another doctor has declared that all his professional colleagues were mistaken.

Other specialists—all doctors with Government appointments—have since asserted that the doctor who gave the adverse decision was wrong, but the law is such that the man cannot appeal against his verdict and is deprived for all time of any compensation from the employers in whose service he contracted the disease.

Lethbridge, at the begining of 1930, had the usual symptoms, headache and eye-strain, which indicate the onset of nystagmus. The presence of the disease was confirmed by an eminent ophthalmic surgeon to whom he was sent by his approved society for diagnosis and treatment.

The certifying surgeon under the Workmen's Compensation Acts corroborated the finding and pronounced the man to be totally incapacitated for work.

When he made his formal application for compensation to the colliery company they challenged it and arranged for him to be examined twice in six days by ophthalmic surgeons.

Their reports showed unmistakably that Lethbridge was unfit for work because of nystagmus. Compensation was, therefore, paid to him at the rate of 24s. 5d. weekly, but 1s. 5d. of that sum had to be spent each week in collecting the money. Lethbridge had to make a journey of twelve miles to and from the colliery to receive it.

Seventeen months passed before the employers again required him to be tested. The result was the same.

Nothing more happened until this year, when the colliery company demanded Lethbridge to present himself before their own doctor at the colliery.

Not evidence

He found that the man was still incapacitated, but held that the incapacity was no longer due to nystagmus but to a high degree of long-sight and to an anxiety neurosis. The grounds for his opinion were that Lethbridge showed no oscillation of the eyes and no lid spasm.

Perhaps this doctor was not aware that it is laid down in the Compensation Acts that absence of oscillation of the eyes is not necessarily evidence of freedom from nystagmus.

In any case, his verdict was soon upset. Within ten days both Lethbridge's panel doctor and a specialist appointed by his approved society had declared him to be wrong. The specialist went so far as to pronounce that the man was still unquestionably incapacitated by true nystagmus, and that it was a condition which could not possibly be simulated, and would relapse quickly into its former severity if he returned to work.

But the colliery company would not give way. It insisted on using its own doctor's certificate as a means to stop the payment of compensation, and obtained the intervention of the official medical referee.

That doctor went all out in the employers' favour. He not only said that Lethbridge was not suffering from nystagmus, but even gave a certificate that incapacity was non-existent!

So Lethbridge was immediately cut off from all compensation. He cannot appeal The law does not allow him to do so.

Destitute

The absurdity and injustice of the position is emphasised by the fact that, since the referee gave his decision, Lethbridge has been examined by the Divisional Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health for National Health Insurance purposes and by the local medical officer of health for the purpose of public assistance.

Both of them have pronounced that he is a nystagmus victim and completely incapacitated.

If Lethbridge's former employers are satisfied that he is not suffering from the disease, there is no reason why they should not give him work again. But neither they nor any other employer will do so. He and his family are destitute.

In all, Lethbridge has been examined by twelve doctors. Ten have pronounced definitely that he is afflicted with nystagmus and eleven that he is incapacitated. The remaining doctor, the official referee, says that he is neither suffering nor unfit, and his word is final.

The Home Secretary has been appealed to, but he states that even he is impotent, as the law stands, in face of that lone verdict of one doctor.

Obviously the first essential reform of the law relating to compensation for industrial diseases is that all decisions should be arrived at by a panel of doctors, and that the claimant should have the right of appeal. It is in the hope that this at least will be quickly achieved that JOHN BULL commends the case of John Lethbridge to the newly appointed Home Office committee.

The Good Husband

THERE is a good husband up in a mining village in Glamorgan.

It is true that there are good husbands everywhere, but not in every case can we describe their thoughtfulness and consideration for their wives and families. Some, indeed, would hate the tribute.

This husband of whom we speak is a miner. He has to be astir as early as 5.30 in the morning to be at his work in the pit. Some men would expect their wives to get up, too, but he's just not that sort.

On the coldest, rawest morning of winter when all outside is dark and dismal—on fine, bright mornings when the birds sing, as well—you will find him bustling about the house making it comfortable for his wife and child when they arise.

He was busy like that on a chilly morning recently, when his starting time at the pit was 6.30. In attending to his own comforts, he didn't forget a cup of tea for the wife. He brought in the coals. He lit the living-room fire. And not until the flames were crackling high and cheerily in the grate did he leave for work.

But that act of kindness was to be dogged with tragedy. His wife smelt burning from her bed. She dashed down to find the worst. A coal or spark must have fallen out of the fire, for the living-room furniture was ablaze.

And while a good husband went about his job cheerfully down in the pit the local fire brigade was fighting to save his home—a vain effort as far as most of his furniture was concerned.

But he wasn't so gloomy as they thought he would be when he came home. He remembered signing a coupon in JOHN BULL, such a coupon as is reprinted for your benefit on page 38. He trusted us.

That precaution of his assured him of the wide protection of JOHN BULL'S free insurance scheme. So we paid for the damage to his furniture.

It is a duty for all good husbands, signing that form. It costs nothing, and you never know when it may save you from ruin. Turn to page 38 *now*

THUG FO

—the

HUNDREDS of thousands of people who love the great game of football will visit one or other of the first matches of the season on Saturday and give vent to their long pent-up enthusiasm.

Everywhere there will be explosions of excitement as the teams appear for the first time, the roar at the kick-off—and another new season will have begun.

What sort of a season is it going to be? That question is always foremost in the minds of the hundreds of thousands of spectators at these first-day matches.

And this year—in view of startling allegations that have been made to the effect that football has degenerated in the last two or three seasons into a dirty business of fouls and even deliberate maimings—it will not merely revolve around the possibilities of success or failure of one's favourite team in the Cup or promotion or relegation in the League.

Cost immaterial

Are we in for a winter of good, clean, sparkling football of the kind that has won us added laurels as sportsmen the whole world over? Or is it to be thug football? That's the question of the moment, far more important than the welfare of this particular club or that; a question, indeed, on which the whole future of the game might well depend.

We have been told, to begin with, that at one time last year one team had £50,000 worth of players out of action at one moment. Apparently the suggestion is that much of the damage was due to rough play, and that at least some of that rough play was foul play.

Now no good sportsman will bother his head about the financial value of those players, unless he is a football shareholder. The big point is that half a team was out of action. Their cost—five pounds or five millions—doesn't matter in this respect.

In another case we are told that £20,000 worth of footballers were *hors de combat*. Forget the value again. If they were the victims of thug play, then football deserves that this controversy about its methods should have as much publicity as possible.

It is not suggested that all these players or even a big percentage of them were injured deliberately. In fact, the statistics of the game would soon show such a suggestion to be entirely unfounded.

But the information is definitely tied up with sweeping allegations to the effect that fouling—even deliberate crippling—is getting more and more frequent, that more and more players are deliberately using thug methods as part of their ordinary, everyday football tactics, and that in consequence the game is fast growing dirtier and dirtier.

The question as to what referees are doing is answered by the statement that either they don't notice what happens or that they are too much concerned about getting future engagements to do their honest duty and pack offenders off the field.

And as the football authorities are indicted for not being rigorous enough in putting down thug football, and certain unnamed clubs as having deliberately encouraged such play, the criticism as it stands is a pretty wide condemnation of football as a whole.

Now I have been associated with the game of football, at one time as a player in a club with a world-famous name, and later as a critic, for more years than I care to remember.

Biggest penalty

There's not a trick to which unscrupulous players can resort that is not known to me. In fact, I have told quite a number of famous players jokingly that I have practised most kinds of foul myself—which, in case you should get alarmed, is only my way of saying that no man can go through the hurly-burly of the football season for long without being unwittingly guilty of methods which some person, somewhere, will describe as foul.

Now what is the truth about these allegations? To begin with I will admit in all candour that I have seen some fairly disgraceful bits of play in the last two or three seasons.

In a few cases the thug concerned has met his just deserts and been sent off—that worst of all disgraces to a footballer. In more cases the referee has failed to notice what happened. The player concerned has been clever enough to see to that.

One other eventuality must not be omitted. Time and again I have seen the perpetrator of a foul escape detection while his victim has been sent off, due to the fact that, smarting from pain, he has resorted to retaliation.

All these things I have seen in the last two or three seasons. The fact that I saw them happen just about ten times as often in the so-called good old days of football doesn't alter the fact that they are a blot on a great game.

Now let me analyse these fouls into types. As I have said, I pride myself on knowing them all.

Worst type

In one of the last matches of last season I saw the ball soar high and two opposing players race towards it. I scented the possibility of one of the players "overstepping the ball"—as is called the worst type of foul in football, apart from actually kicking a man—and so watched points carefully.

Just as I expected. One player realised in a trice the impossibility of kicking clear, and so made up his mind to resort to thug football.

As the other man kicked good and hard he overstepped the ball with his studs pointed forward at such an angle as to have a tearing effect on any flesh with which it came in contact.

I saw the studs there for a split second. The next moment the man who had kicked went down in agony, and I knew what had happened. He had caught the studs with tremendous force with the most sensitive and delicate part of the instep, just as it was intended that he should do.

I have seen that cruel trick time and time again in the last two seasons, and have yet to see a man sent off for it. The referee doesn't notice it. The offending player takes care of that. And as for the thug himself—he will probably argue that the other man kicked his stationary foot.

Let us keep a good look out for these over-steppers. Let us visit such dire and peremptory punishment on them that they won't do it again. The good name of the game demands it.

Ankle-tapping—another common type of foul—I needn't describe in close detail. Who has not seen it? Who among regular football spectators didn't see a fair amount of it last season?

That's another foul I'd mark down for a punitive campaign. I saw many very fine fellows sent down in agony last season as a result of it.

And that brings us to another very common type of foul—perhaps the most common of all. Hardly a game passes without nudging in one form or another.

Now let us keep cool heads over the subject of nudging. I have seen it administered by the cleanest of players, men to whom the game is life itself, under such circumstances that it was obviously more or less an unconscious action on their part.

Players must make contact with other players during a really hot tussle, and some of those contacts must be nudges and therefore fouls.

But there's another kind of nudge that's about as bad a type of thug football as anything I can describe, and which may put a player out of the game for the rest of the season.

Let me describe that, too, as I saw it in one of the keenest League games of last year.

Two First Division teams were meeting. The play was vividly keen—but clean. Then I saw the ball falling down out of the blue skies in such a way that it simply invited heading.

Now there were two men in an excellent position to head the ball, and one alone of them really intended to make fair use of his chance. In the mind of the other a plot was hatching.

In the critical second when his opponent rose as taut and straight as an arrow to meet the ball with a flick of his head, this thug pretended to do the same. But I saw the knuckles of his hand catch the other man a sharp tap in the ribs.

Rarely detected

The tautened frame of the victim of this dastardly foul crumpled up as if he had been shot in the stomach. He lost his balance, strove to regain it and twisted himself in the process, and then fell like a log.

Any professional player can tell you exactly what happened. When a man is straight and stiff, as he must be to head a ball, there is one part of his anatomy which, if flicked hard, will produce a reflex action that will close him up like a pair of scissors.

Several times I saw that ancient trick played last season, and all too rarely was it detected by the referee.

Then there is that other sinister nudge that has been responsible for many broken legs—and arms, too—since the first crooked footballer practised it. I refer to the action of running alongside a man who is

Cori
the famous f

OTBALL

Truth

haring along at great speed and giving his knee an inward tap with your own.

He goes down like a carcase of frozen mutton. Falling on hard ground he might well be put out of the game for the rest of the season.

Even worse is the trick of catching a man who is on the run sharply at the back of the knee when he has all his weight on it, causing it to crumple up beneath him.

I have seen many players warned or sent off the field for that trick. And I have seen many players badly injured by it, too. Suspension would not be too heavy a punishment for anyone caught in the act, and as for habitual offenders I should like to see them driven out of the game altogether.

By now you may have formed the impression that what I have written is as complete a condemnation of the game of football as anything you have read, and that I confirm all that has been written about dirtier football up to the hilt.

You would be wrong.

hian

authority

I say here and now that English football —and I include Scottish football — has never been cleaner, that referees have never been more anxious to put down thug football if and when they notice it, and that the governing body of the sport has never ruled with a firmer hand.

I say that ninety-nine players out of a hundred do everything in their power to avoid any play that might be mistaken as dirty or even reprehensible, and that the major portion of the remainder, among them some of the people whom I saw last season practising one or other of the fouls I have described, are really bad-tempered people who play clean football when everything goes right, but are stupid enough to sink to retaliation when handled a little bit roughly.

Such players, I admit, must be taught better, even if it is necessary to send them off the field. But as that is what happens to them in the end, as soon as a referee catches them in the act, it is difficult to see what remedy can be introduced.

There remain those few players —negligible in numbers, but not in their power to perpetrate incalculable injury to the game as a whole —who use thug methods as part of their technique whenever they think they can do so without being detected.

Some of those players have been found out early and dropped by their teams altogether, for despite the suggestion that there are clubs that encourage foul tactics, the truth is that there isn't a first-class team in the country that would sink to such tactics.

These players are what you might call born bad. There's no cure for them. If the football authority could drive them out of the game for ever there's no decent follower of the sport who wouldn't throw up his hat at the news.

But it's all so illogical to pretend that football fields swarm with players anxious to try thug methods or that there are clubs which would encourage some of the tricks I have described.

People who make such accusations can't realise how great is the penalty.

To begin with, the punishment for a player guilty of a very bad foul is anything from two weeks' to two months' suspension, and the latter is tantamount, taking into consideration wages and allowances, to a fine of something like £80.

Unthinkable

Football players are not such rich people that they can afford to spend £80 on beating one opponent just in one critical second of the game.

Then how many people realise what a tragedy for the player concerned lurks behind those words "ordered off the field."

I have seen many men ordered off in my time, some real rough diamonds among them, and in hardly one case has the player been able to stem the tears as he has walked with bowed head and flushed face through a storm of boos and jeers to the dressing-room.

I have followed some of them, and I can only describe their agony of mind as unbelievable.

Picture a big fellow sobbing almost hysterically: "What will my wife say? Oh, what will my poor wife say?" I have seen that.

Then picture a man sitting as if stupefied, with his head in his hands, saying to himself like some demented creature: "I shall have to leave the game. I can't go on. They've lost faith in me, I tell you. I can't play again." I have seen that as well.

I have seen all stages of tears and hysteria in the dressing-rooms of players temporarily in disgrace for foul play.

I would say to those people who think the authorities are not stern enough in handling such players: "Think of the agony of mind of a man who is sent off.

"Add to that punishment the fact that by suspension he will be fined anything up to £80. Compare that penalty for assaulting a man on the field of play with the penalty of assaulting a man in the street, and then see if you shouldn't remodel your views."

Then I would add this little story of a player sent off for a very minor foul last season.

I saw him crying in his dressing-room, as heartbroken as any man I have ever met. He pointed to an awful lump on his ankle. It was that that had stung him to offend against the rules. There was a stir at the door, and there stood the man responsible for the lump. "I am terribly sorry Joe," he stammered. "I've tried to tell them it's all my fault. I ought to have seen that if I was going to kick as I did it was bound to hurt you. But if the referee reports you"—he is bound to do so—"I shall do my level best to get them to believe my story"

That man kept his word. Without a doubt the authorities did believe his story. But it didn't make Joe's case any the better. He found himself suspended, with all the additional penalties that entails.

Apologies

The plain truth is that the football authority is the strongest disciplinary authority of any sport. It rules with a rod of iron.

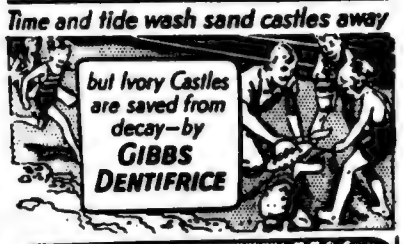
No, football players are better educated, better tempered, and more scrupulous people than those of a generation or so back. I played in those rougher days, and I know.

Last year a player in a foreign visiting team went straight up to an Arsenal man and coolly and deliberately struck him a blow in the face. The Englishman did not retaliate by word or act. He stood there like a pillar, a look of disdain on his reddening face.

That man typified British football as played by ninety-nine players out of a hundred, not only in the famous professional teams of the country and leading amateur clubs, but on town playing-fields and village greens—wherever British youth show the world what a good, clean game football can be.

A hefty kick—and a fair one. Football has its thugs, but they are few and far between, and once discovered are not tolerated by the authorities

Time and tide wash sand castles away



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A Race Against the World

"Tears of excitement in our eyes, we saw it move forward and rise in the air. It flew!"

PEOPLE take aeroplanes very much for granted to-day, especially those people who were born into a world in which flying had already become a practical science. To me, however, an aeroplane will always be a thing of wonder.

Whenever I attend a flying meeting—as I do on every possible occasion—my mind goes back twenty-three years, to the time when I witnessed what was surely the most amazing meeting of all. And often, as I look up and see these modern giants of the sky roaring overhead, I think of the days when I and one or two others actually helped to build, *and flew in*, the first machines this country ever saw.

All the world has heard of Cody—Colonel Cody, as he was known—but it was my pleasure to know him personally. Cody had the sympathy of the world, but only I, and those with me, knew the full extent of his hardships and bad luck, and how he met them with unquenchable optimism and determination.

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I was quite a boy when I joined up with Cody. What knowledge of flying he possessed he had taught himself. He had spent his spare time and money, in between the long hours of the touring theatrical company, building and experimenting with man-lifting kites. I remember how, because of his successes, the Admiralty employed him and his kites; towing him behind a cruiser at a height of several hundred feet for the purpose of observing gunfire.

Disaster came very shortly, however. A sudden change of course or wind caused the kite to fall—with Cody—about four hundred feet into the sea! Fortunately, he was not killed, but it was the end of his work with the Admiralty.

The contraptions we built in those days, for supporting life and limb against the elements, were as odd as they were amazing. For instance, the first airship—the *Nulli Secundus*—which was destroyed by a gale at the Crystal Palace, supplied the essential parts for the first military aeroplane! Cody had helped to build the airship, and the War Office turned the wreckage over to him with instructions to produce a flying machine.

That was the first real job. The wreckage was carted to Aldershot and we set to work. All that Cody had to work on was his knowledge of kites, his natural skill, and some odd photographs of the Wright Brothers' early machine!

Yet he evolved an aeroplane that was a success and, in the early Summer of 1908, we watched it make its first flight. Hopelessly under-powered by the old engine, it was a huge affair. We christened it the "Cathedral"! Needless to say, it crashed many times.

The War Office gave it to Cody at the end of his contract, and they told him he might use Laffan's Plain for his flying experiments. Laffan's Plain is Farnborough aerodrome to-day! Of course, this was wonderful news to us. We kept the "Cathedral" out in the open, and Cody took many notabilities for flights in it.

Imagine that there were not more than three aeroplanes in England then—and certainly not more than twenty in the whole world! But the money for those flights enabled another machine to be built.

JOHN BULL Readers' Stories

This second machine, which Robb, Cody's mechanic, myself and a few others helped to build, won the Michelin prize in 1910—five hundred pounds!

We were young, of course, and to us the whole thing was one long glorious adventure. Even the hardships—and there were plenty of those—were part of the fun. To Cody, who took them with the day's work, they must have been tragically disheartening. Money was scarce. Engines cost a terrible amount of money. Running expenses were incredibly high.

Petrol was then at a price which would drive the motorist of to-day off the road. Sparking plugs were very costly, and they seemed to go like nine-pins. But, in spite of it all, Cody had an ideal to work for. Our ideal was Cody. There was nothing he wouldn't do for us, and, needless to say, nothing we would not have done for him.

We worked day and night. Other prizes were won, and more money was spent on engines and materials. Finally, the greatest test of all loomed ahead. In September, 1912, the Military Trials were to take place on Salisbury Plain.

Cody planned to build a big high-wing monoplane for the event, and we set to work with feverish excitement. Day by day it grew and took shape under his enthusiastic guidance.

Nearly all the work was done in the open, and for parts we used bamboo.

(*Continued on page 24*)

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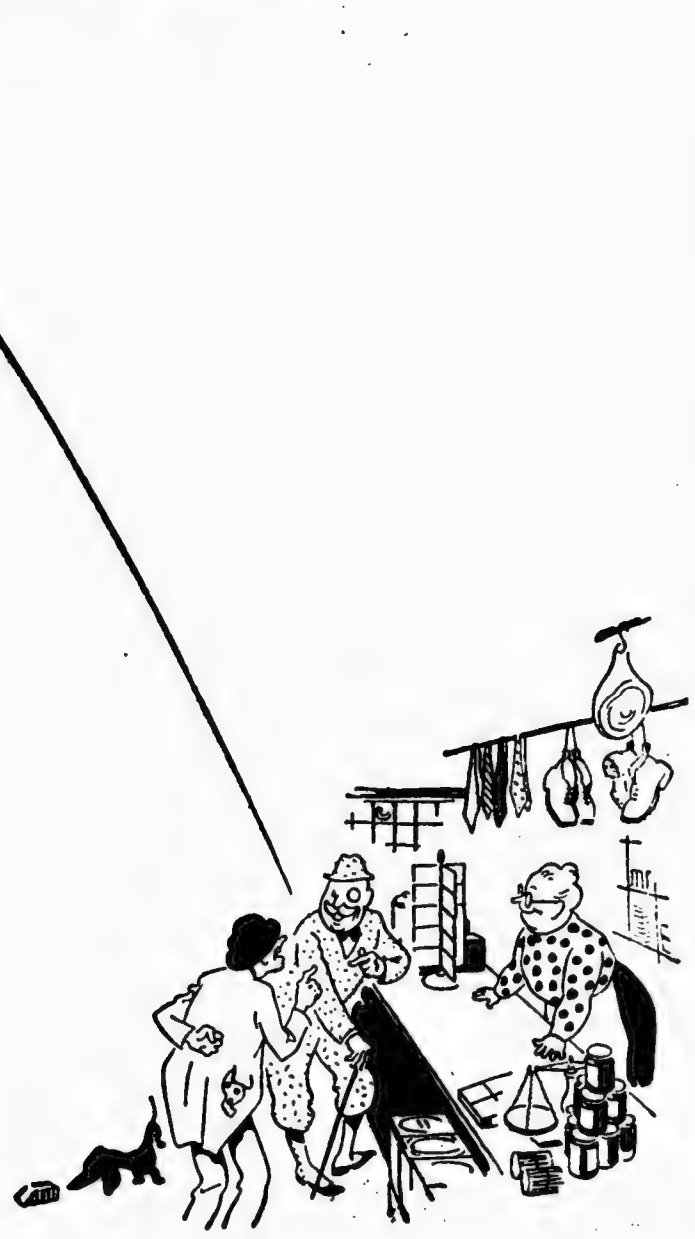

–as they say at Mrs Wiggins'

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and not just BROWN

A Race Against the World—(Continued from page 22)

wire, canvas and glue—and supreme confidence in Cody. At last it was finished.

We stood back, hardly daring to speak, as Cody took his seat at the controls. Then, tears of excitement in our eyes, we saw it move forward and rise into the air. It flew. Cheering we watched it gain height and circle round.

Triumph indeed! We watched it perform all its tests. It was a success. In less than three weeks we should be watching it in the air over Salisbury Plain—competing against the aircraft of the world.

At last Cody glided down to land. We watched. Lower and lower it came. Then, just as it neared the earth a cow wandered into its path. There was a crash. The cow was dead, and all that remained of our hopes was a heap of canvas and bamboo.

There was only one bright spot in that dreadful moment of disappointment. Cody was alive.

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But there we were, with less than three weeks to go before the all-important trials, and no aeroplane. At least, no aeroplane that could possibly stand a chance against the rest. But we had yet to know Cody.

He would not admit defeat at any price, though our gloomy faces must have told him how little we fancied our chances.

"No aeroplane? What is the matter with the old machine! It will fly all right!"

It was old and under-powered. It hadn't a hope. It was fitted with the 60/80 h.p. Green engine for which it had been designed.

That meant nothing to Cody, however. We had another engine: a big Austro-Daimler of 120 horse-power. We must use that.

At first it seemed impossible, but, with Cody's unceasing flow of assurance, the impossibility vanished. It *might* do. It *had* to do. The aeroplane was never built for such an engine, but it would have to be rebuilt: reinforced.

And so we set to work. We worked like niggers, day and night. There was little money and practically no material. We used everything and tried everything—everything to old bits of cane and hairpins!

Nothing would stop Cody. He was tireless. Young as we were we had all our work cut out to keep pace with him. He had set his heart on winning those trials, and that was that.

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The days passed, the day of days grew nearer and nearer. The machine began to take new shape. To us it became a thing of beauty. At last it was finished. And, not only was it finished, but it flew: flew well! There was hope once again.

The day preceding the great trials arrived. Cody took off from Farnborough—Laffan's Plain, as it was—and headed for Salisbury. He took one of his helpers with him as a passenger.

There were no telephones for us. We could only wait, hoping for the best and fearing for the worst. There was no means of knowing whether he had arrived safely, or whether yet another disaster had overtaken him, forcing him to land halfway, dashing his remaining hopes at the eleventh hour.

But, honestly, I believe, had he crashed he would even then have managed to do something! Such was our faith in Cody.

But he did not crash. He arrived safely. He arrived on the very eve of the great day—the last opportunity for machines to arrive before being sealed

HOW WE WON THROUGH

finally by the War Office. Cody's was the only machine to arrive by air under its own power—*because funds were too low to pay for its transport!* And, for the same reason, we others arrived by bicycle!

We had just done it. There were thousands of people there. They had congregated from all parts of the world to witness the trials, for these trials were the biggest landmark in the history of experimental flying.

They were more than that. To every aircraft builder they represented a chance and a turning point. Not only was the winner to receive a substantial cash award, but the British Government would order at least two machines of the winning type!

All the hotels and lodging houses in Salisbury and Amesbury were filled to overflowing. Every house in the district seemed to be filled with spectators, pilots, engineers, and officials. Everything was taken. If there *had* been any accommodation left it would have been far too dear for us.

Once more Cody rose to the occasion and solved the problem. We slept in, and fed in, a huge aircraft packing-case in which a competitor's machine had arrived!

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None of the machines would look prepossessing to-day, and ours, in comparison with the others, must have left lots to be desired even then. But, as the next day dawned, and they stood, scattered about on the sweeping plain, they presented a spectacle to fill our youthful hearts with awe.

What chance *had* we? All the money and experience then available had gone into the making of machines. All the best designers and all the "crack pilots" of the world were represented.

What the other competitors thought of our chances, I don't know. But I do know that in spite of Cody's optimism and faith I was a little shaken by the formidable display all around me—and our machine built in a desperate three weeks of haste, worry and overwork.

Well, we won! Incredible though it seems, we won! In spite of all his hardships and bad luck Cody managed to pull it off. In spite of all the money and experience against him, there was nothing and no one to touch Cody in the old machine.

Six thousand pounds! It is impossible for me to describe our feelings when we heard the tremendous news. Six thousand pounds—and the Government bought two machines: the winning machine and another to be built like it.

The real, triumphal story ends there. Our team work had won a race against the whole world.

Tragedy followed swiftly afterwards. Cody worked on as hard as ever. The first seaplane circuit of Great Britain was planned for the following year. He built a seaplane. He was at the zenith of his romantic career.

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The machine was tried, at first, with a land under-carriage, and proved entirely successful. Cody took off, with a passenger, to fly to Southampton to fit the sea equipment. He never arrived. The machine broke up in the air and they were both killed.

No one knows the cause of the disaster. It remains a mystery to this day. War broke out the following year. Fighting planes took to the skies.

To-day, every day, thousands of passengers and tons of freight are carried through the air.

Almost every week-end crowds gather to gasp and marvel at the wonders of modern machines and pilots. I wonder, too. And others who visit the South Kensington Museum may wonder anew.

The original machine is still there: the machine which won the military trials in 1912. The machine which I helped to build.

That is why I never attend a flying meeting without thinking of that day, twenty-three years ago, when I participated in one of the most amazing meetings in the history of aviation.

And though the part I played was comparatively small, I am proud to think that I served one of Flying's greatest pioneers.

The Greatest of These . .

No Fare to Home

THIS is the photo of one of "H. C.'s" sons, aged eight, who comes between two other boys aged eleven and five years.

From an authoritative source to whom "H. C." has been known for about twenty years as a steady, sober man, and most deserving of help, we learn that his "health is none too good as a result of war services in 1900 and during the Great War"; that solely on account of his bad health he has been out of work some years; that he has had a terrible time since he became unemployed and that there seems little likelihood of his ever getting another job.

"H. C.'s" concern is for his wife, who is a nervous wreck, rather than for himself. His own ill health he attributes to enteric fever twice during the Boer War; rheumatism and malaria, and an operation during the Great War.

His sufferings for some time have been manifold. About four years ago he paid a deposit on a house through a building society. Then came unemployment, and as a result of getting into arrears with rent and rates he was turned out of the house and served six weeks in prison for non-payment of rates.

At present he has a weekly pension of 4s. 8d., and 29s. a week allowed by the Public Assistance Committee. Out of this he has to pay £1 in rent, leaving him with 13s. 8d. to feed, clothe and provide everything for three growing boys, a very delicate wife and himself.

"We have pledged all we possibly can with no hopes of ever retrieving them," writes "H. C." "My rent is in arrears £8. I have several debts I am unable to pay. There is also a judgment out for me for ten days in prison if I fail to pay 2s. monthly."

The climax came when he could not find the money for his poor wife's fare to a rest home, to which the doctor said it was essential she should go. Our general fund provided this, but we would urge our readers to be kind and send generous help for this soldier, so that his wife will experience the blessing of a quiet mind when she returns, knowing that some of their trials can be overcome.

"I am not a beggar," says "H. C." "I am only applying for a little assistance to tide me over a world of trouble."

Donations earmarked "H. C.," and those for the general fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

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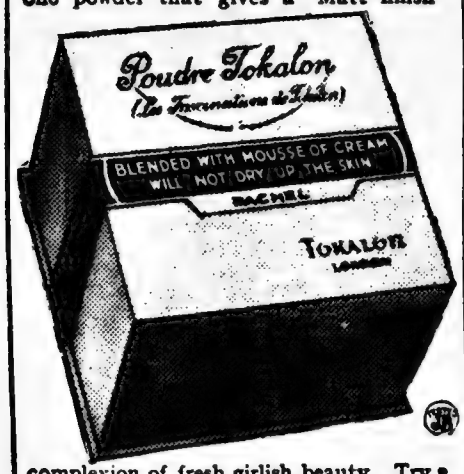

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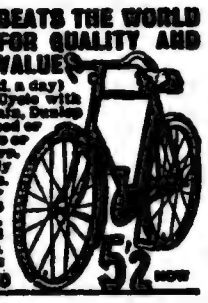

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Human Documents

by Philip Inman

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LIFE is made up of a great many interests. But when one comes down to brass tacks there are only three that really count—our health, our homes, our work.

And at the back of all these there is often the vexed question of £ s. d. The love of money may be the root of all evil. The want of it is often the cause of many difficulties. Here is one man who would find a little ready cash of service to him. He writes:

"For eighteen years I was employed in a factory. I did not like the work, but as my wife was ill there was nothing to do but stick to it. When she died, I decided to take a risk and work up a business. I took up tailoring and soon made good progress.

"Working up a credit connection was interesting and brought me into contact with customers, who have become friends. I have now come to the point where I have put out as much as I can afford, yet I am constantly receiving letters asking me to call and bring patterns, etc.

"Here are good business chances being missed simply because I haven't the capital to buy the goods which I know I can certainly sell. There seems no way in which a honest, hard-working tradesman can raise the necessary capital if he is working up a business.

"Is there no organisation which can help finance a small trader who has such good prospects?

"I have already found work for one of the unemployed and could soon employ two more if capital could be obtained—but how?"

My correspondent is in a similar position to a great number of people. Many a tradesman could turn struggle into success with the aid of a little extra capital. The need for help of this kind is fortunately becoming recognised in financial circles.

Let me quote from a recent letter in the *Times* newspaper. "For many years I have advocated the formation of a trust company to provide finance for small businesses. I am glad to see that others are of the same mind."

To recognise a need is often the first step to meeting it. I hope in this case, for the sake of many thousands, the need will soon be satisfied.

BUT that will not help my correspondent in his immediate difficulties. There are two suggestions I would make to him. He has proved his ability in the line of life he has adopted. His increasing trade is an indication of that fact.

Could he not approach the firm with whom he has been dealing? Let them be told of the work that is going begging because he has not the means to employ more labour. They may be willing to come to his aid in their mutual interest.

The other idea is for him to advertise for a partner. I know from my heavy postbag that there are people with a little money who are looking for openings of this kind.

If this proposal appeals to my correspondent, I would urge him to be careful on one point. Let him see that the terms of partnership are carefully drawn up by a solicitor. So much trouble has been occasioned by slackness in this respect.

It is far wiser to incur a "molehill" of expense at the beginning than to encounter a "mountain" of trouble later.

I hope my next correspondent will bear that advice in mind. Here is her story:

"I have been left with three children, all boys, whose ages are thirteen years, three years and fourteen months respectively. My eldest boy is at a secondary school and I should like to keep him there for four years, but it is such a struggle, as I have the two babies as well to bring up.

"I have a few hundred pounds—not nearly enough to live on or to bring them up—so I have been thinking about buying a little business, and my chief worry is how I am to know that it is a genuine concern.

"I am quite prepared to work hard in order to get a livelihood in return.

"The kind of business I should like would be a newsagent, tobacconist and confectionery, with or without a post office attached.

"Will you tell me how I can get in touch with a genuine concern and how much such a business generally costs? I don't really mind where I live, but, of course, I don't want to lose the little I have, for otherwise I should be doomed, as I have no one I can go to for further help."

Now many a one has been badly caught in buying a business. Stale stock, bad debts, customers who have been dead for years! And without provision has been made in a written agreement there is no redress for losses sustained through these causes.

The purchaser of a business, therefore, should insist upon a thorough investigation by an accountant. If it is a genuine concern the seller will not object. If he does, there is something wrong somewhere and it would be well to seek a business elsewhere.

That is the first precaution my correspondent must take in her quest. It may cost a few guineas, but it will be money well spent.

Then she wants to know how she can find such a business. I have been making enquiries and I am told that the religious weeklies are very good mediums.

MONEY, MONEY, MONEY!

Often at the back of many of life's problems is the question of £ s. d.

SHE should scan the advertisement columns, and if she sees nothing there to suit her she might insert an advertisement herself. As she does not mind where she lives, I would suggest a country district. It would be healthier for her children and she would probably be able to obtain assistance easier than in a town.

A village store might also have a post office attached, which ensures a certain, if small, income. In these days of easy transport her eldest boy should be able to continue his education in the nearest town where there is a secondary school

Fate has dealt a cruel blow to this woman in leaving her a widow with three young children. I hope that what I have said will be of service to her and that her courage and hard work will be amply rewarded.

There are two proverbs which seem to be in direct opposition to each other. One is "Leave well alone," and the second "Nothing venture, nothing have." I wonder which one is applicable in the following case:

"I am a butcher's assistant and have had eleven years' experience. I have now had an offer to take a manager's position in the same town for another employer. The shop concerned has been closed for three weeks, but it is in a nice place and I know there is a good living to be had if the business is looked after.

"I am wondering what to do, as I have a good job now and a good master. I am getting £2 15s. a week, whether we are busy or not, and I am happy with my mates. Also, I have a wife and two kiddies to think of.

"I have known the man who has offered to put me in this shop for years. I have told him that the weather is not suitable to start now, but if the place is closed too long it will be harder work to build up the trade again. If I take this position could you advise me what to do as regards wages?

"Should I be right in asking him to guarantee to give me a standing amount for a certain time to see how things went?

"I ought to mention that the man knows very little about butchery, as he is in a different line himself, but he has the money to back it with and he is well known in the district."

NOW there are attractions in being the manager of a shop instead of an assistant. It means promotion in status, and that is the desire of anybody with ambition. It should also mean increase of salary, though my correspondent is silent on that point. But in this case my advice is "leave well alone."

This young man has a wife and two children. He can't afford the risk that a single fellow might take. Then he is happy in his present job and he has "a good master."

What is more, the managership offered him is in the same town where he is now employed.

Supposing any customers followed him—that would inevitably create bad blood with his old employer. And after he has been treated so decently that would be decidedly unpleasant. It would also mean that if the new business failed he could not be expected to be taken back in his old position.

"Nothing venture, nothing have." But this young man certainly *has*—regular employment, a steady wage, and he is happy with his mates and in his work. He would be wise to "leave well alone."

Enjoy Life— be a 'Merry Andrew'!

Be bright and cheery on dull days as well as on sunny days, at work as well as when on holiday, helped by sparkling, *pleasant-tasting* Andrews Liver Salt. Bubbling with refreshing effervescence, Andrews purifies and cleanses *internally*, bracing and stimulating the whole system.

9D and 1/4

Health-giving and Health-maintaining the whole year round, Andrews is of *particular* benefit during the holidays. It promptly corrects the little disturbances that usually follow change of air, food and habit, and — when days are hot, Andrews *cools and invigorates* immediately.

ANDREWS LIVER SALT

S14b

"NOW... I'M SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION ALL OVER"
In common with hosts of other women who have learned how beneficial Palmolive is to the face, she has now discovered how helpful it is in the bath . . . how its soft abundant *Olive Oil* lather protects the loveliness of her arms and shoulders and back, beautifying while it cleanses.
PALMOLIVE

Millions of women since the days of Cleopatra, have known olive and palm oils as nature's own beauty treatment. Thus in using Palmolive Soap in your daily bath you give to your body the skin freshness and beauty that Palmolive brings to your face.

3d per tablet

Before the Plunge..

'Mine's a Minor'

Just the cigarette for a blissful brief-time smoke. In taste, quality and packing, the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large —big enough, however, to last a full 10 minutes.

In tins: 30 FOR 1/- & 60 FOR 2/-

Plain, Cork or 'Ivory'-tipped

De Reszke MINORS

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

5 FOR 2 10 FOR 4 20 8

Look at Your Skin

Daily use of Cuticura keeps your skin radiantly clear and healthy, free from blemishes or spots. The rich, silky lather of Cuticura Soap, with its mildly antiseptic action purifies the pores and softens the skin. Apply Cuticura Ointment for any skin outbreak, pimples, burning or irritation. Cuticura Talcum, fragrant and refreshing, keeps skin cool for hours. Never be without Cuticura Preparations in summer.

Sold by all chemists and stores.

Cuticura
PREPARATIONS
For Clear Healthy Skin

SET FINE!

By JULYSIA

A little Julysia Hair Cream in the morning and your hair is settled for the day. Julysia imparts a glossy gleam without gumming or starching. Not only more economical than ordinary fixatives, but cleaner to use. Julysia doesn't soil hat-bands or pillows. From Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, or any branch of Boots chemists.

1/- and 1/6 per bottle. Sample size 6d.

A product of Jules Freres, Ltd., London, S.E.17.

JULYSIA
HAIR CREAM
The Cream of Hairdressings

XMAS CLUB AGENTS WANTED.
VACANCIES for ladies and gentlemen to form a Xmas Club. Substantial profit. Quality Goods only —and 100% Service. Write Now for 250-page Art Catalogue. Special Terms, Gifts, etc., etc. Satisfaction guaranteed.

GIFTS TO ALL AGENTS GIFTS

RAWLINGS
GIFT HOUSE CAMPBELL ST. HULL

The firm that never let's you down

On Watch— by a Traffic Enumerator —at a Danger Spot

A traffic enumerator on watch during the recent road census

TO enable the reader to get a fair idea of my position during the Road Census Week let him first endeavour to visualise the scene through my eyes. Glimpse a serpent-like stretch of an important road gliding with a gentle curve and a slight down gradient past my "enumerator's" box. See it dash under a railway arch, swoop over a humped-shaped river bridge, and crawl past traffic lights.

Let me mention that those traffic lights cannot be seen from my position. Put a telephone kiosk in the picture a few yards from my side of the arch, and then you can see the view that I saw every day for a week.

Naturally, my impressions of the conduct of the passers-by were somewhat varied. Bus drivers, I found, were the most skilful as well as the most considerate or road-users, and although more than one cyclist mouthed a few invectives against some bus drivers, my superior position enabled me to perceive that the fault in each case was the cyclist's.

During the rush hours of 5 p.m. to 7 p.m. many hundreds of factory-hand cyclists thronged the road, and in spite of the great increase in the volume of traffic, they used the road as though they owned it.

In all fairness to cyclists as a whole, I must admit, however, that the individual cyclist showed much consideration for the drivers of other vehicles.

Some of the worst offenders were the youthful motorists, especially those with supercharged "sports." On several occasions I saw such motorists dash out from the back of a long line of traffic in a foolhardy attempt to get to the front.

* * *

PERHAPS they thought it showed great courage and skilful driving to do what saner motorists wisely refrained from attempting, but the danger of collision was considerable. Such motorists should not be allowed to make the roads a menace to others.

Another thing which was firmly implanted in my mind was the audacious driving of motor-cyclists. For every ten motorists there are at the most only two motor-cyclists, but one of them generally manages to make himself a pest. At "cutting-in" he is the roads' greatest offender. Several times during the week I feared I was about to witness an appalling disaster. Let me describe one "incident."

Picture my stretch of road almost empty. Suddenly the familiar noise of many exhausts bursts upon me; the traffic lights on my right have released the pent-up flow. Along it comes, a muddled medley of vehicles, and in a second I am "dashing" strokes with practised eye.

But wait. On my left another stream of traffic is converging upon me. From the middle shoots a helmeted motor-cyclist, exhaust pipe howling defiance. He is "cutting-in." The road is bottle-necked near my position. Can he get through? I fear not. He overtakes a bus, but at that instant he meets the first vehicle of the on-coming traffic.

Disaster is imminent. I expect to see him shorn in two. But a miracle happens. The motorist swerves towards the footpath, hits the kerb, but bounces off again safely. That split second action lets the motor-cyclist through, and at the same time saved the lives of several people.

To gain half a second he imperilled the safety of perhaps a dozen people, yet of all concerned he appeared the least grateful for his miraculous escape.

The well-known fact that heavy slow-moving lorries constitute a real nuisance to faster road users carries my endorsement. Their presence on roads free from speed limits has the effect of imposing a speed limit on vehicles behind them.

* * *

THAT speed limit is generally nearer the 20 m.p.h. than the enforced 30 m.p.h. limit in built-up areas, and on no day was this so manifest as Saturday last, when I saw numbers of such lorries bring the traffic to a crawl. Perhaps this helped my job considerably, but that is beside the point!

Two other nuisances of a like kind are horse vehicles and handcarts. Frequently I saw the traffic heap up because the width of the road did not permit passing out until the oncoming traffic had gone by. To some extent this was due to faulty road construction.

At my census point pedestrians had practically no reason to cross the road, so that "jay" walkers were scarce. Some children, however, playing under the railway arch caused some concern to drivers by their dashing across the road after a ball. A pedestrian quietly "moved them on," luckily.

Concerning night traffic at my point, which is in a built-up area, two facts are worthy of mention. The first is that a few misguided and thoughtless motorists would insist on using their headlights when only sidelights were necessary, as evidenced by the majority of motorists.

By way of contrast, far too many cyclists were content with lights which at the best were only "cigarette glows," and tail lights were almost entirely lacking!

A serious aspect of this particular census point is that the traffic lights are much too close to the river bridge, for traffic approaching the lights from the west cannot see them owing to the hump shape of the bridge.

A sign near the railway arch gives "warning" that traffic lights are ahead, but this sign is not easily observed at night, and should therefore be illuminated. That the presence of traffic lights was entirely unsuspected by some motorists I know from the screaming of suddenly applied brakes which I frequently heard issuing from that direction, not only at night, but also during the day.

* * *

ALSO, the position of the telephone kiosk is ill-chosen, for motorists who desire to use the kiosk park their vehicles nearby at the bottle-necked part of the road, which results in traffic obstruction.

Yet, in spite of these drawbacks, I know from experience that this point is a comparatively "safe" danger spot when some of the other ten thousand danger spots are taken into consideration.

Now that the traffic census is over, it is to be expected that the various local authorities will take speedy action in eliminating these "danger spots." It will help to make road travel safer for everybody.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Nursery Season is Here

COUGHING and the drought have played havoc with racing during the past few weeks, but, happily, better times are in store.

At one time it appeared that the curious malady which so often attacks horses at this time of the year was going to dry up the St. Leger field, but I anticipate a dozen or so will go to the post.

With Bahram in good work again I shall not look beyond the Aga Khan's champion for the winner and for those who want better odds I suggest Buckleigh each way.

A number of readers have asked me for a list of horses to follow for the nursery season.

In the "bad old days" wicked trainers used to nurse a useful youngster or two for these two-year-old handicaps.

They would reckon on their winter's keep out of juveniles who had been "saved" and would run a sequence of victories despite penalties.

Nowadays, the game is clean, but I still believe in following two-year-olds who register ready victories with light weights.

This group of twenty may show a credit balance:

Amity *f*, Aseptic, Ballywellbroke, Bold Encounter, Can-Can, Chinese Star, Coercion, Demigod, Diosma, Eastern Slave *f*, Hustle, Mospey, Paper Boy, Pink Boy, The Reeve, Straitlane, Tetaru *f*, Tigger *f*, Ursarena, Zelmos.

I understand that Theft, one of the JOHN BULL Cambridgeshire selections, is likely to have an outing in the Grand International at Ostend, run on Sunday.

Embargo and Easton won this nice prize and Theft should follow in their footsteps.

My selections for Gatwick are Buckleigh for the St. Leger Trial, O'Grady and Miss Pick.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, August 29, to Wednesday, September 4.

W N 96 S O Y 97 L V H J I 95 G E D
X U Z 93 B A K R 98 T F 94 M P Q C

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: JRY95QUDB would read FLAMENCO. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. PLQ2UBLQ would read GREENORE.

Shorter hours for Mothers

Freedom from coaxing children to eat. Freedom from worry about their diet. And freedom from the drudgery of eternal cooking. Kellogg's Rice Krispies liberate you from them all.

The way Rice Krispies snap, crackle, and pop when cold milk or cream is poured over them fascinates the children. And everybody loves the delicious FLAVOUR.

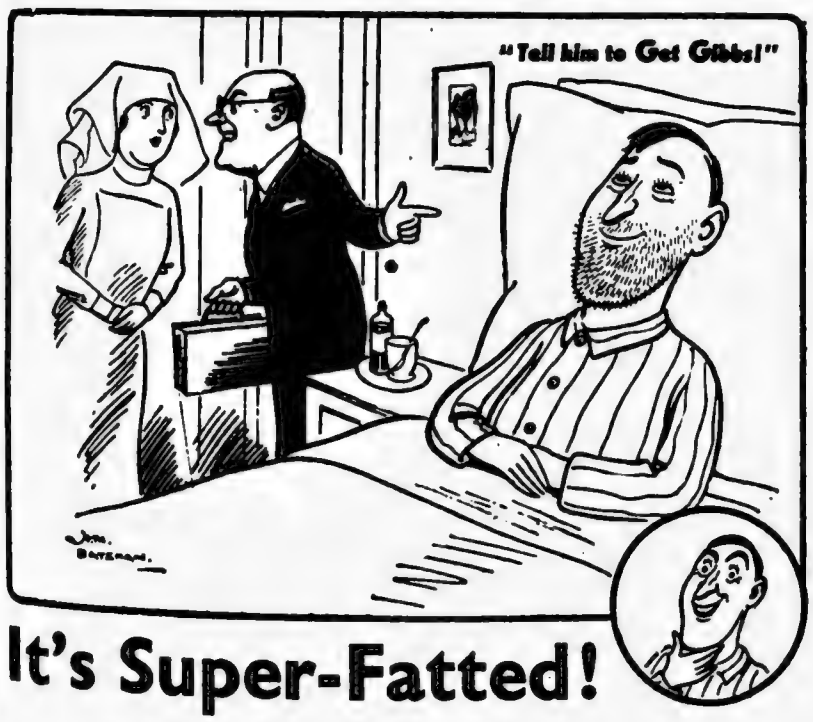
Tempting, nourishing, easy to digest—an ideal cereal for breakfast, lunch or supper. No cooking necessary. Kellogg's Rice Krispies come *oven-fresh* in the sealed inner WAXTITE bag.

MOTHER GOOSE STORIES, as told by the Singing Lady—"Jack Spratt" and many others—a complete story on every packet—Ask your grocer.

Kellogg's

RICE KRISPIES

Made by KELLOGG *in* LONDON, CANADA



It's Super-Fatted!

The best thing he's heard for days! Beard off in a trice; skin has that inimitably cool, comforted feel which is the sign of a Gibbs super-fatted shave. That wonderful super-fatting makes Gibbs lather luxuriantly emollient—richly creamy, lastingly moist. A shave with Gibbs Super-fatted Shaving Cream makes you glad to be alive!

GIBBS SUPER FATTED SHAVING CREAM

D. & W. Gibbs Ltd., Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E.1. GS39B

. . ROUND OFF A REFRESHING DIP WITH A FRESH TOBACCO!

● Half the fun of your holiday depends on the sun, the sea and the salt spray—but don't let it spoil your smoking. **Bondman** Tobacco is always **fresh**, for every ounce is sealed in a **Vacuum Tin.** Wherever you buy Bondman it will be as rich and mellow as when it left the blenders . . . smooth, cool and satisfying!

LLOYDS'

BONDMAN

A BLEND OF COLONIAL & VIRGINIAN TOBACCOS

10d PER OZ.

RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA

11½d PER OZ.

PACKED IN VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.), 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1 (35)

DOUBLED UP WITH STOMACH PAIN!

Now a "New Man"

Do you endure agonies from stomach trouble? Do you dread to eat even the simplest meals and long for relief from your pain? Then here is good news for you. For *sure* relief is at hand as this letter proves. It comes from Mr. J. W., of Regent Street, Birmingham:—

"Having now fully recovered from severe stomach pains, I felt I could not sit down again and enjoy my meals—which I have been unable to eat without suffering great pain—without writing and sincerely thanking your wonderful Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. I started trying all sorts of tonics and remedies, but they only eased the pain for a time and then back they came as bad as ever.

"One night I came home doubled up with pain. My sister told me that a friend had been suffering with Stomach troubles and recommended your Powder—so as a last desperate trial I sent out for it. I can honestly say it has made a new man of me, so I thank you once again for that wonderful Powder of yours, the best of all remedies for stomach sufferers."

What Maclean Brand Stomach Powder has done in this case it can do for you. Get a bottle to-day—but be careful to avoid cheap substitutes. Ask for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, and see the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle and carton, 1/3, 2/- and 5/-. Never sold loose.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

THE GRAVES-NATIONAL 3-VALVE Battery-driven self-contained Set WITH A SPECIAL COIL CIRCUIT USING IRON-CORED RADIO FREQUENCY COILS, AND PERMANENT MAGNET MOVING COIL LOUD SPEAKER OF ADVANCED DESIGN. Figured Walnut Cabinet 17 x 10 x 9in. Illuminated Tuning Dial, British Valves, H.T. Battery, Accumulator and Aerial Equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid £8.18.6 or 8/- monthly. Fullest Approval. NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE of latest designs for Mains or Batteries including Band Pass, Super-Het Sets, etc.

8/- NOW

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

SOUR STOMACH

—Not Just Unpleasant but Positively DANGEROUS!

When retained too long in the stomach, food turns "sour," producing gases and acids. These attack the stomach-lining, and cause overstretching, so that your stomach cannot contract and expel all the food. Indigestion, Headaches, Rheumatism, Liverishness and Constipation are all symptoms. Take Beechams Pills, the recognised remedy for three generations. In a few days you will feel better in every way, and eating will be a pleasure once more.

FOR ALL STOMACH TROUBLES TAKE

Beechams PILLS

Brand

Worth A Guinea A Box

Skin Sores & Face Spots

BANISHED 'LIKE MAGIC'

No ointment to equal Germolene has ever been discovered. It stops pain instantly—draws out poisons—kills germs—heals rapidly.

"*A most irritating and unsightly rash appeared on my neck. I persevered with ointments and lotions without the slightest improvement. Then I tried Germolene and within two days the rash completely disappeared.*"—Miss H. S., Southall.

For

ULCERS, BAD LEGS, PILES, BURNS, RASH, ABRASIONS, CUTS, Etc

Germolene BRAND

ASEPTIC OINTMENT

1/3, 3/- and 12/-

FREE! Send a postcard to the Veno Drug Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B. 280a), Manchester, 16, for free book on Home Treatment of Skin Infections. Written by a skin expert—packed with pictures and invaluable advice.

BAIL *was* GRANTED..

NEW recommendations regarding the granting of bail to accused persons awaiting trial are shortly to be issued by the Home Secretary. In a carefully drafted memorandum magistrates will be advised to be more liberal in the exercise of their powers as to bail.

For a considerable time past the Home Office in Whitehall has been reviewing the whole question of bail with the object of saving injustice not only to accused persons, but also to others who find themselves involved in punishment or heavy financial liability through either an inadequate appreciation of the rigid bail regulations or through some other flaw in the system.

Thus the problem has been investigated from two points of view:—

1. That of the prisoner, who after committal for trial is sent to jail, because bail is refused or the sureties asked are placed at too high a figure to be obtainable.

2. That of the surety who runs the risk of having his goods and chattels seized and sold or a term of imprisonment imposed, because the person for whom he stood bail does not put in an appearance for trial.

According to the last published official statistics, no fewer than 8,691 persons in a single year were kept in prison, for periods varying from weeks to months, on charges of which they were *subsequently acquitted*, or on which they were not sentenced to imprisonment.

In the majority of those cases the imprisonment before trial—because bail was not granted by the magistrates or could not be obtained—was an injustice.

There is not the slightest doubt that the law as to bail is not understood by the general public.

"Prisoner was granted bail in his own recognisance of £200 and two sureties of £200 each"—people read some sentence such as that in police court reports, but they do not realise the formalities that have to be gone through or the precautions which should be taken before that bail is actually granted, and the accused is released from the custody of the court.

[*A film study. There are many injustices which accused people can suffer through the present system of granting bail*

Long, long trail

Under the existing law, magistrates may grant bail on any charge except that of treason, although on charges of murder or attempted murder bail is scarcely ever given.

For treason bail can only be allowed by one of His Majesty's Secretaries of State or by a King's Bench judge.

The effect of granting bail is *not to set the accused free*, but to release him from the custody of the law and to entrust him to the custody of his sureties, who are bound to produce him on his trial.

If a surety has any reason to think that an accused is likely to abscond from his bail, then it is the duty and right of the surety to seize the accused at any time or place, and hand him over to a constable for "custody by the law."

Indeed this course is taken not infrequently. What actually happens in practice is the surety goes to a police station and explains, "I am not disposed to go bail for 'A' any longer. I desire to withdraw my surety." Then "A" is promptly re-arrested and goes to prison to stay there until his trial, or until he can find another surety who will trust him.

All manner of queer things happen with bail. Recently at a county assize a prisoner charged with a serious offence did not surrender. The surety was brought, in the greatest distress, before the judge, and gave an account of how he learned suddenly that the accused had disappeared. He at once set out to try and find the man; travelled more than six hundred miles in that endeavour, and put in scores of telephone enquiries, all with negative results.

Because of the efforts which the surety in this case had made to find and arrest the accused, the amount of the bail was not confiscated.

Untold hardship often follows the failure of an accused person to surrender to his bail at the time of trial.

There was a widowed mother who went surety for her only son in a comparatively small sum. The young fellow ran away and has never been traced to this day. Faced with finding the bail money, because her son had let her down, and realising that she did not possess the amount required, the heart-broken woman took her own life.

Of course, when suffering does occur, it is in legal theory the fault of the surety for entering into bail too rashly, for each surety is warned of the consequences and penalties he can incur at the time the bail papers are signed.

Unless the surety has the money fixed for the bail easily available he should on no account go bail even for his best friend.

So one unlucky business man in London discovered to his cost. He went bail to the extent of £5,000 for a swindling fur merchant, who crossed to the continent to escape.

When the surety was faced with the demand to pay to the court the guaranteed £5,000, he could not meet it. His suburban home, which he had built with such pride, was sold up together with all his furniture and effects to meet the debt. That was not sufficient. The surety had to borrow to find the balance, and the difficulties which he thus incurred led to his ultimate bankruptcy.

A small tobacconist in the City of London went bail for a relative in the sum of £1,000. The accused defaulted. "We want a thousand pounds from you," said the Law to the tobacconist, and the shopkeeper had to sell his business—into which he had put his life savings—to recompense the Law.

Cases like that multiply one on another, when the files of the courts are turned back.

Crooked clients

It is illegal for an accused person or anyone else to enter into a contract to indemnify a surety for bail.

Which means to say it is an offence if you entertain a proposition such as this:—

"You are a householder. Here is £120 if you will go bail for 'X,' who is up at Bow Street Police Court charged with a misdemeanour. Bail will be fixed at £100. You guarantee the bail in that amount, and the balance of £20 you can put in your pocket."

That is illegal, but it *is* done. There was a shady solicitor in London—he has since died—who made rather a speciality of securing bail by such methods. His clients were mainly crooks, who did not know responsible persons to go bail for them.

Consequently the solicitor or his clerk touted round to find sureties likely to be approved by the magistrates. Although he was breaking the law, he obtained sureties by payment. He was habitually successful in his efforts, for his crook clients did not abscond. Their records were so bad that they knew they would be caught by the police even if they did try and hide.

One important reform in the matter of bail has recently been made. It arose through a widely reported case from Birmingham, where a father, who went bail for his son in £10, was sent to prison because he did not possess that amount.

Enquiry showed that the son was quite in ignorance of an alteration in the date fixed for the opening of the quarter sessions when he should have attended before the court.

The practice in Birmingham has been to advertise the date of assizes and quarter sessions for the city as a reminder to accused persons on bail.

In future all accused persons on bail in Birmingham as well as other cities and towns—where intimation by advertisement was the rule—are to receive an individual notification to remind them of the time and place at which they must attend for trial.

Imprisonment for the father, who had not even ten pounds to his name, has had its immediate effect.

And when the new suggestions to magistrates are published by the Home Secretary, many of the other anomalies of the bail system will be removed.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

BELFAST NEWS LETTER:—"Having heard the evidence concerning ———, who LIVED from coal-gas poisoning . . ."

BARNSLEY CHRONICLE:—"We the UNDERSIGNED being residents of ——— strongly protest."

BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH AND DENGIE HUNDRED ADVERTISER:—"Tea was served . . . after which a TREASURER hunt took place."

THE TELEGRAPH AND ARGUS:—"The gift of a house costing £700—for the caretaker of the playing FIENDS . . ."

BOSTON AND SPALDING FREE PRESS:—"——— was reached about 11 p.m. after a most pleasant and profitable day had been spent by all who were UNFORTUNATE enough to go."

GLAMORGAN ADVERTISER: "The local team has been accepted in the second DIVIDEND of the Welsh League."

ABERDEEN EVENING EXPRESS:—"Men throwing away cigarette PACKERS."

An increase in the DIGGER family

Flake smokers will welcome this new addition to the famous 'Digger' range of Empire Tobaccos. As always, the name is a guarantee of both the quality and the value.

PLAYER'S DIGGER FLAKE

MEDIUM

8D PER OZ

4° PER HALF OZ

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. P.D.35

SLEEPLESSNESS . . . . . NERVY DEPRESSION

APPETITE & VITALITY RESTORED

"It is wonderful to have that joyous feeling after suffering for months with Neuralgia, Nervy Depression, and Debility. I had no appetite and was dreadfully run down. I was sleepless at night, and during the day had to have my work done for me. I tried everything I could think of, but found no benefit until I tried Phosferine and I began to feel myself again. I was surprised at the quick results, and I can do my work, sleep well at night, and have regained energy to enjoy life fully. Phosferine has made me a different woman and I can recommend Phosferine to enjoy renewed vitality." *Miss G. R. Pratt, 2, Spring Gardens, Hawthorne Av., Hull.*

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS BRAND TONIC

Influenza	Gastric Pains	Sleeplessness	Rheumatism	Neuralgia
Lassitude	Debility	Exhaustion	Headache	Maternity Weakness
Brain Fag	Indigestion	Nerve Shock	Sciatica	Anæmia

From Chemists, TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-
The 3/- is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 2.

AS THE COUNTRY AIR

. . . . is the exhilarating tang of Euthymol Tooth Paste. Used every morning and evening it keeps the mouth and breath healthy, fragrant and deliciously fresh. You'll like the wholesome, cleansing foam of Euthymol. Laboratory tests show that it kills dental decay germs in 30 seconds. Your chemist sells large 1s. 3d. tubes, or a week's sample costs nothing.

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

FREE OFFER! Send to Dept. 67/66, Euthymol, 50, Beak Street, London, W.1, for a free 7 day trial sample.

£900 Won in Crossword Competition No. 317

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from thirty-six competitors, who share the £750 offered.

Atkinson, M.B., 8, Alexandra Mansions, London, S.W.3; Bardsley, J. M., 21, Elizabeth Street, Ashton-under-Lyne; Barlow, T., Dalatree, Roundwood, Prestatyn; Battersby, J. W., 2, Devon Street, Leigh, Lancs; Bousfield, F., 1, Chestnut Avenue, Acton, W.3; Ellison, W., 87, New Lees St., Ashton-under-Lyne; Fairey, L. E., 92, Melbourne Street, Leicester; Fieldhouse, S. H., 53, Fieldhead Road, Sheffield; Harding, B., 51, Trafalgar St., Carcroft, Doncaster; Lawlor, K., 2, Windsor Terrace, St. Lukes, Cork, I.F.S.; Lee, A. P., 25, Naunyth Street, Horwich, Lancs; Marsden, W., 1217, Burnley Road Lomb, Rossendale, Lancs.; Michael, Mrs. R. T., 175, Whitton Dene, Isleworth; Monks, Miss F., 19, Birchfields Avenue, Anson Estate, Manchester 13; Mottram, Mrs. M. E., 14, Reed Street, Off Broomhall Street, Sheffield 3; O'Sullivan, J., 20, Highbury Crescent, London, N.5; Parnell, Mrs., 99, Corwen Avenue, Manchester 9; Pattison, Miss A. M., 239, Ryebank Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester; Pinner, I., 7, Estcourt Road, Fulham, S.W.6; Ponting, W. R., 12, Bexley Road, Erith, Kent; Rutter, H., 74, Grange Avenue, Cheadle Hulme, Cheshire; Sanderson, J., 30, St. Mary's Street, Clitheroe, Lancs; Savage, J., 65, Bawley Avenue, S.S., Blackpool; Steele, T. W., Cemetery Lodge, Horncastle, Lincs; Tate, Mrs. A., 231, The Rock, Bury; Thomson, W., 7, Belmont Road, Parkstone, Dorset; Thornley, C., 49, New Park Road, Salford 5; Walters, W. T., 3, Williams Place, Penydarrer, Merthyr; White, R., 83a, St. Mary's Road, Portsmouth; Whitelegg, H., 243, Bearwood Road, Smethwick; Whittam, E. M., 22, Goldfinch Street, Deepdale, Preston; Wilcox, Mrs., 373, Church Road, Bolton; Wolstencroft, T., 16, Granville St., Walkden, nr. Manchester; Woollard, Mrs., Hermitage Gardens, Chester-le-Street; Worthington, Mrs. H., 1, Nile Street, Sheffield 10; Young, J., Chelsea Barracks, London, S.W.1.

To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £20 16s. 8d. will be sent.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, September 10, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of Solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £150 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 450 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive 6s. 7d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

A Crossword Season Ticket containing 80 Free Entries for our Contest will also be sent to every Runner-up who submitted two 64 coupons in the same envelope.

Surprise Awards were won by 2,695 competitors who submitted solutions containing two errors.

Another fine Crossword Offer with a first prize of a Life Pension of £6 a week, plus £500 Cash, or an increased lump sum of £750, a unique offer of a Ferranti All-Mains Radio with every cash prize of over £5 and £100 to be divided between Runners-up appears on page 36.

GRAVES NO. 1 CLUB MODEL

BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE. Frame 21 or 23in. Racing Hubs, quick release Wing Nuts, Dunlop Sports Tyres, Coventry Chain Dunlop Endrick Rims, Marsh Level Grip adjust. Handlebars, Racing Pedals, Caliper Rear Brake, Middlemore's Racing Saddle, 'Hold-all' Bag, Rear Reflector, & Accessories. Lady's or Gent's same price £4.10.0 or 6/- monthly. Catalogues Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', Tradesmen's, Tandems, etc.

6/- NOW

Mounted Dynamo Set, Horn or Basket as desired

J. B. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

Before Buying Your Radio—

Turn to page 12 and don't overlook the FRONT COVER.

These two offers deserve your special interest.

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

When we eat too much, our food decays in our bowels. Our friends smell this decay coming out of our mouth and call it bad breath. We feel the poison of this decay all over our body. It makes us gloomy and grouchy. It makes us feel no good for anything.

What makes the food decay in the bowels? Well, when we eat too much, our bile juice can't digest it. What is the bile juice? It is the most vital digestive juice in our body. Unless two pints of it are flowing from our liver into our bowels every day, our movements get hard and constipated, and three-quarters of our food decays in our 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over our body every six minutes.

When our friends smell our bad breath (but we don't) and we feel like a whipped tomcat, don't waste time and money on useless remedies. Get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills which gently start the flow of your bile juice. But if "something better" is offered you, don't buy it, for it may be a calomel (mercury) pill, which loosens teeth, gripes and scalds the rectum in many people. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for—1/3 and 3/-.

What Made His HAIR GROW?

Read His Letter for the Answer.

"Two years ago I was bald all over the top of my head.

"I felt ashamed for people to see my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I remained bald until I used Kotalko.

"New hair came almost immediately and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair which has been perfect ever since and no return of the baldness."

This verified statement is by Mr. H. A. Wild. He is but one of the big legion of users of KOTALKO who voluntarily attest it has stopped falling hair, eliminated dandruff, or aided new, luxuriant hair growths.

Test-Box Coupon

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 9, Percy Street (53.60), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

PILES

Sufferers from the maddening irritation, the exhausting, agonising pain caused by piles! Do not wait until piles (hæmorrhoids) reach such a terrible state that a serious operation may be necessary. Ask your chemist all about this special remedy. He knows the ingredients from which this inexpensive and scientific remedy is made. He can show you, too, the special applicator fixed to each tube of Man Zan, which makes the use of this soothing, healing unguent so clean and simple.

Man Zan is no ordinary ointment. It is prepared for one purpose only—to end the irritation, allay the inflammation and definitely banish piles. From the very first application you feel the irritation and inflammation ending, and if you will only persevere, never more will you be tortured with the agony of piles.

Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy is sold by chemists everywhere, price 3/- (including special nozzle applicator). Remember the name of this splendid remedy—

ManZan

BRAND

PILE REMEDY

They ALL want to be STEVES!

THE Stewards of the Jockey Club announced the other day that it is intended to devise means to encourage apprentice jockeys to attain a higher standard of ability by giving them more and better opportunities of public race-riding. That was all.

There are 380 licensed thoroughbred training establishments in Britain. Within seventy-two hours of the announcement there was dismay in all of them—not at the decision of the rulers of the Turf, but at the consequences it produced.

Every racehorse trainer has been deluged with letters of application from prospective young jockeys. One Epsom trainer received 943 in one day from places as far apart as Perranporth, in Cornwall, and Broadford in the Isle of Skye.

Not only did letters pour into the big training quarters by thousands; enterprising parents travelled long distances and called personally to present their sons for apprenticeship.

A candidate for work in a racing stable must be not over fourteen years of age and weigh not more than five stone.

Nearly 100,000 boys become eligible every year and records kept by leading trainers reveal the interesting fact that it is the same areas of the country which year after year produce the biggest crops of bantams.

Lucky dozen

It is rare, for instance, for an application to come from Scotland. Lightweights are not bred there.

Only a very small percentage of the multitude of available boys are chosen for apprenticeship. Still, it is estimated that 9,000 boys are employed in connection with racing—approximately one for every racehorse in training under Jockey Club, National Hunt and Pony Club rules.

Yet the official register of apprentice jockeys allowed to ride in public contains for the current month only 125 names.

Of these, probably not more than a dozen will ever see their names hoisted as riders in the frame at a racecourse after they have completed their apprenticeships.

It is a ten to one chance against any of the 100,000 five-stone boys who come forward annually ever getting into service with a recognised trainer; but, if he does, the odds even then become a thousand to one against him ever graduating into any grade of professional public riding.

In every period of five years something like half a million boys are deemed by their parents to be fitted for a career on the Turf. Of the large number who get an opportunity, less than twenty at the end of that time become fully fledged jockeys.

In face of such colossal odds against their dreams ever coming true, the optimism of parents is, to say the least, remarkable.

The magnet that draws their hopes is, of course, the rich reward that awaits the well-trained and naturally capable jockey.

They visualise that their diminutive children are potential Steve Donoghues and Gordon Richards with an almost assured income of £20,000 a year.

Even if their offspring are not just so successful, they anticipate consolation in the fact that even the less able jockeys, with a guarantee of £10 per ride and a substantial present from the owner of every winner, have incomes larger than those of Cabinet Ministers, High Court judges, bank directors and so on.

Some parents begin to build their hopes as soon as they detect that a boy in the family shows signs in infancy that he is not likely to grow up to normal weight and height. They go so far as to give the child a pet name to indicate the career that is planned for him. Every school has in it a "Jockey" Smith or a "Rider" Brown, although the child so dubbed by his parents, should he ever get inside a racing establishment, is not likely to become eventually anything more than a stableman at a wage of £2 10s. weekly.

It has not become uncommon in recent years for school medical officers to discover that children are deliberately under-nourished in their homes because their parents fear that full and proper feeding will develop them beyond the weight limits of young jockeys.

When a boy of thirteen was admitted to a Midlands hospital a few weeks ago to be treated for incipient tuberculosis the doctors were puzzled by the curious condition of his limbs and the fact that his body growth generally was subnormal.

The father was cross-examined. He admitted that it was his ambition to see his son become a jockey, but, dreading that increasing weight would cheat his hopes, he had resorted to unnatural methods of restricting it.

Risk of growing

He had for four years kept his child's body tightly wrapped in linen bandages day and night!

It is the accretion of weight between the ages of fifteen and eighteen which kills the prospects of 90 per cent. of the boys who enter racing stable service. Fresh air, hard and regular exercise and plenty of good, plain food soon coat their diminutive frames with flesh and muscle.

From first to last the would-be Steve is under the sternest, conceivable discipline, his master having the power, confirmed by the courts, to inflict physical chastisement for any offence likely to prejudice his interests.

It is a Spartan life. Even the oldest boys get no more than 2s. 6d. as pocket money weekly. Their masters put aside for them in the bank a share of any fees and presents paid on their behalf when they become qualified apprentice riders.

A great part of the boy's training has no connection with horses at all. It is devoted to making him "a perfect little gentleman," and to teaching him how to keep his temper under control whatever the circumstances.

Hence the high level of manners to be found among the present-day corps of professional jockeys.

No conceit

There is no hope for the boy who does not possess or acquire the deepest sense of loyalty.

Without it, he soon passes into the wilderness. Great financial temptations come to him to communicate the secrets of the stable.

He has to learn quickly to resist them. If not, he is soon detected and doomed *if he fails.*

The novice learns, too, to have no conceit. He may expect a rapturous and congratulatory welcome when he returns from the racecourse after riding his first winner.

He will be disappointed. The good points of his performance will, of course, be praised by his master, but his mistakes, even in success, will be coldly criticised.

The employer never gives a boy cause to become swollen-headed. It is the most fatal disease among jockeys.

The glittering prizes in store for apprentice jockeys will become easier to seize than they have been for years now that the Jockey Club is to provide them with more and better chances.

Many of the present generation of jockeys are comparatively old men. Five who rode in a recent race had an aggregate age of 250 years and two of them were grandfathers!

E. Smith, one of the most successful apprentice jockeys. So proficient is he that he has already been engaged as first jockey for Lord Rosebery

HURRY FOR £2,500

Summer is fast slipping away, and with it your opportunity of winning £2,500 free in the *Daily Herald's* "Snaps" Competition, now approaching its closing stages.

So hurry along with those entries. You may win a fortune of £2,500 for a single picture. In addition, there are unlimited awards of £2 2s. for pictures published in the *Daily Herald* day by day. A Free Entry Form will be found in the *Daily Herald* to-day and every day.

FAMOUS BEAUTY QUEEN

Loses Nearly 3 STONE

And Wins 19 BEAUTY CONTESTS

I DO NOT KNOW WHAT I SHOULD HAVE DONE WITHOUT

"SILF"

Brand Obesity Tablets.

MISS ESME BANKHEAD'S successes include *Elected "Miss London," 1935; Miss Great Britain (3), British Venus and winner of the "Health & Efficiency" Silver Trophy.*

Read What this Beautiful Girl Says :—

Dear Sirs,—In justice to you I feel I really must write and tell you of my wonderful experience with "Silf." My weight—before I started putting on flesh—was 7 st. 9 lb. Suddenly I started increasing until I weighed nearly 10 stone. My health also got very bad, and I was terribly worried and unhappy.

Now, however, thanks entirely to "Silf," I am down to just my correct weight—7 st. 4 lb.—and I feel ever so much better in myself.

I have since won many Beauty Contests, 19 in all, recently adding the titles of "Miss London" 1935, Miss Great Britain (3) and "British Venus."

As I tell all my friends, "Silf" has been indispensable to me in gaining these successes.

I honestly do not know what I should have done without "Silf," and am only too pleased to acknowledge how much I owe to your splendid preparation. I wholeheartedly recommend it to all who are burdened by too much flesh.

In closing I really must express my delight at the decided benefit to health which follows the taking of "Silf"—it is, as you say, **not only an effective weight-reducer, but a really splendid tonic, too.**—

Yours sincerely,
(Sgd.) **ESME BANKHEAD.**

Another charming pose by Miss Bankhead. Note the "Sylph Like" Figure admired by all.

It is impossible to be fashionable, to feel young and be graceful while rolls of excess tissue disguise the beauty of your features, weigh down your limbs and burden your body.

You MUST get SLIM, but do not resort to drastic dieting, dangerous drugging, weakening purging, or violent exercises. These practices are definitely harmful . . . and they are **entirely unnecessary. You can regain your slimness in a Natural, Healthful and Safe Way through "SILF" Brand Obesity Tablets.** "SILF" reduces your weight and makes you feel better. As it removes superfluous tissue, so does it strengthen the fat-weakened system and sets you on the road to health and slimness.

7 Days' Trial

You are invited to purchase a 1/3 box of "Silf" (Brand) Obesity Tablets, and if after taking them for seven days, as directed, you are not satisfied that a reasonable course of this remedy will prove beneficial, you may return the empty box to the Silf Company, Ltd., 39, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1, and we will return the 1/3 you have spent.

GUARANTEE

We guarantee that "Silf" (Brand) Obesity Tablets are composed solely of Pure Vegetable Extracts and are prepared under the strict supervision of fully qualified Chemists. The fact that millions of boxes have already been sold is evidence of the harmlessness and suitability of this tried and tested formula.

1/3 3/- and 5/- per box

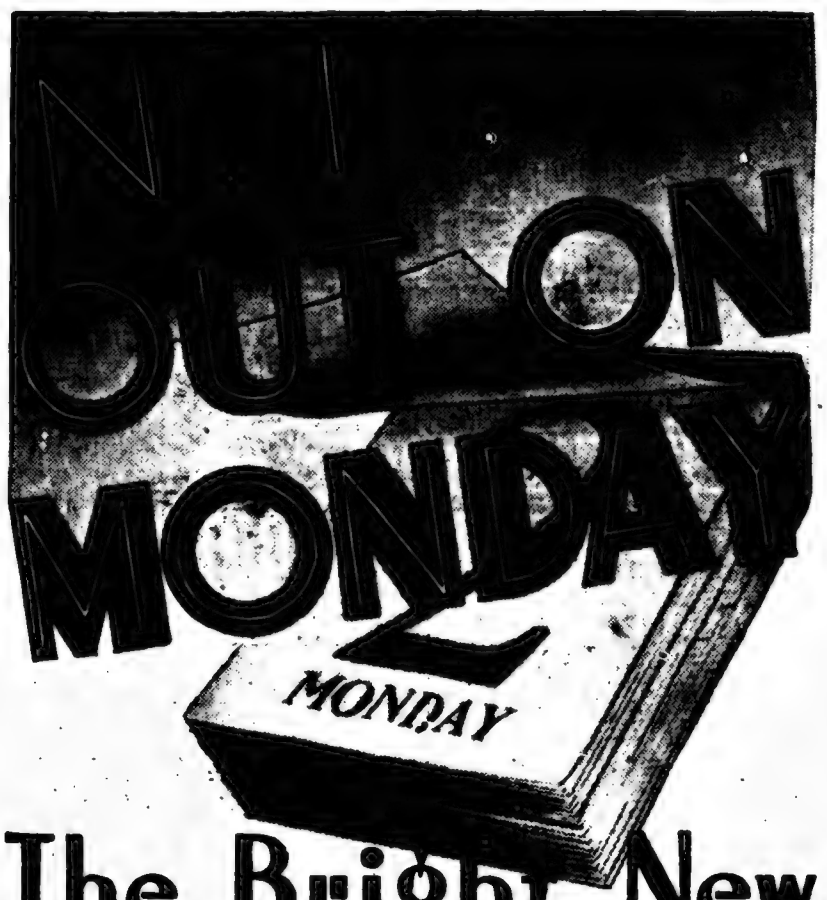
Silf BRAND OBESITY TABLETS

YOU SAVE MONEY BY PURCHASING THE LARGER SIZES.

From all Chemists or post free by sending the price to—

THE SILF Co., LTD. (Dept. 46R)
39, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.1.

No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.



The Bright New Home Weekly

On Monday next, September 2nd, "Guide and Ideas" will be on sale for the first time. Combining all the good features of the "Guide for Competitors" and the ever-popular "Ideas," it will provide pleasure and profit for the whole family. There's a feast of entertainment and fascinating reading awaiting you in "Guide and Ideas."

SOLUTIONS.—Expert advice and entry forms for Contests offering over £10,000 in prizes—solutions that may help you to win more wealth in a night than you could earn in a year.

FOOTBALL.—Pages of "inside information" about all the League Clubs and Players. Expert forecasts for all matches covered by Pools and Plain Coupons.

RACING.—A team of sporting writers who will put you on the good-priced winners.

Place your order now for

Guide & Ideas

FOR COMPETITORS

ON SALE NEXT MONDAY

2d.

SKIN DISEASES

New Blood Remedy.

"Skin Soft as Velvet."

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose eczema and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble, and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world. . . ."
(Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP.
30, British Grove, Chiswick, W.4.

The New Elasto Blood Remedy is bringing quick relief and permanent cure to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Varicose Veins, Bad Leg, Piles, and other Diseases of the Skin and Circulatory System.

It is prepared in Clay tablets which dissolve instantly on the tongue and are absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! Elasto is not a drug but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health.

Send for Free Sample.

Elasto Blood Remedy is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! Or send 5/- for a full month's supply (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

The NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY Ltd. (Dept. 15A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

ELASTO WILL SAVE YOU POUNDS!

No More Grey Hair

If grey hairs are beginning to show, think how old you will look when they multiply. Retain the youthful colour by applying Valentine's Extract, which stains grey hair to any shade of brown, or to black. Harmless, lasting, clean.—SAFE AND SURE. Suitable for men or women. Of Chemists, 1/3, 2/6 & 6/- per bottle; or post free from J. B. Valentine, 46a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

VALENTINE'S WALNUT STAIN

BRITISH OWNED & MADE EXTRACT

Sample offers for MEN and WOMEN

Don't overlook the special offers of the Shavex-Zeekol Co. which appear on the Back Cover.

FIXED PRICE FOOTBALL

In addition to FIXED PRICES for

SIX LEAGUES—NOTHING BARRED

the CHALLENGER Lists include a LONG ODDS LIST

OFFERING

10,000 to 1

FOR 20 RESULTS

7,000 to 1 for 19 results | **5,000 to 1** for 18 results

No division of odds however many winners.

Send now for Price Lists on the

ST. LEGER, CESAREWITCH AND CAMBRIDGESHIRE

EVERY HORSE QUOTED

Daily Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race in accordance with rules will be on at Full Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired.

Please send your Weekly Lists. I am over 21.

Name .....

Address ..... J.B.

Town ..... County .....

DAVID COPE LTD. & ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD. 247 BATH STREET GLASGOW C.2

My Worst Moment

I WAS on my way to the office one morning shortly after a bank robbery. As I passed the central police station a man approached and asked me to come inside to take part in an identification parade.

Imagine my surprise and horror when *I* was identified by three bank clerks as the man who had held them up and shot the manager.

That was my worst moment. I often shudder to think of what might have happened had I not been able to prove this story false.—*"Bandit's Double," Cardiff.*

Not Worth It

My wife and I had pinched and scraped gone without holidays and other luxuries in order to give our son a sound education.

When he graduated with honours we deemed it well worth the effort.

Then he fell in love with a girl student, spending week-ends and holidays with her family. One day I asked him to bring her to our home for a change.

He put me off lamely by saying that we "weren't her style," and in that moment I realised that I had produced a successful young man—and lost a son!—*"Pater," Liverpool.*

Lost Romance

In a garden heavy with the fragrance of June roses I waited for "Jim."

Although we had been childhood sweethearts, and later most affectionate pals, he had left home without actually proposing; but I knew I loved him and that he loved me, and when he wrote to say he was coming home, asking me to meet him in the Rose Garden early the next day, "as he had something special to say," my heart was glad.

He came, and after formal greetings I looked down lest he read in my eyes my answer.

Then he said, "Congratulate me, Nell. I'm engaged." From a distance I heard my voice saying, "Congrats., Jim." . . . The smell of roses still gives me heartache.—*H. B., Purley.*

Holiday Exploit

Possessing no knowledge of seamanship, I persuaded a girl with whom I struck up a holiday friendship to accompany me in a hired motor launch and put to sea at dusk on an ebbing tide.

Engine trouble developed, and our anchor rope proving too short to reach bottom we found ourselves being carried rapidly seawards in the gathering darkness.

My worst moment came when we were ingloriously hauled aboard a local pleasure steamer and I was subjected to some very humiliating remarks concerning my foolhardiness from the captain, who turned out to be none other than the girl's father.—*H. B., St. Mary's.*

Batsman's Drama

I faced the bowler confidently. I had knocked up twenty, and felt set for a century.

The ball came down and the next instant a bail and stump were flying.

The clapping that greeted my arrival at the pavilion meant nothing to me—the sickening disappointment of that moment made it my worst.

For I was unemployed and at home there was a sick kiddie, while among the spectators was a well-to-do sportsman, who had promised me a shilling for every run over 20.—*T. R., Brighton.*

Almost Suffocated

Whilst working as ship's engineer I once had occasion to work on top of the after funnel. The wind was blowing very strongly, and the gases from the forward funnel were passing over my head.

Suddenly, a feeling of extreme faintness and sickness came over me.

Then I realised that I was being slowly asphyxiated. I crawled to the iron rung ladders and began to descend. Down and down for sixty feet, swaying and clawing at the rungs, I finally got to the bottom, and lay there unconscious for two hours.—*J. T., Stretford.*

He Didn't Come

My worst moment was after working night shift at the S.A.A.F., Park Royal, and arriving home at 7.30 to find my mother in a state of collapse, with an official notification from the War Office to state that my brother had been killed in action.

We had been expecting him home on leave, but fate willed otherwise.—*E. R., Bricket Wood.*

His Son, Too

I am a limbless ex-Service man myself.

My son met with an accident in school in 1929, and two weeks later I was called to the infirmary to give my consent to the amputation of his right leg.

Imagine my plight. Father and son, both minus their right leg.

The doctor said if I refused the boy must die, so I was forced to agree and leave myself with a living memory of my worst moment.—*J. R., Glasgow.*

Failed!

On arriving home from a very enjoyable cycling holiday, made more enjoyable because I was confident that I had passed my matriculation, I found awaiting me an envelope containing the list of the names of the successful candidates.

My worst moment was when after searching several times for my name it was forced upon me that I had failed.

It meant that I had lost the chance of obtaining a very good situation and so being able to support my widowed mother, who had denied herself in order that I could have a good education—*J. W., Hull.*

Pit Thrill

We were busily engaged in repair work on a disused roadway in the colliery. Suddenly there was a terrific bang, all the lights were extinguished, and I was rushing up the roadway enveloped from head to foot in blue flame.

My worst moment was then, when I thought an explosion of gas had occurred, endangering the whole pit.

Fortunately, it was only a large "swan neck" lamp which had exploded, vaporising the oil. The latter had then caught fire. With the exception of burns, mostly on faces and arms, we were little the worse.—*G. F., Ossett.*

Trapped

I was employed at a laundry and one day I took a pile of linen into the hot-box, not bothering to switch on the light, and started putting my clothes on the racks.

Suddenly the door was slammed behind me. I put down my work and tried the handle, but it had been bolted outside.

My frantic shouts were heard at last, but I lived my worst moment in that stifling atmosphere wondering if they ever would be.—*B. T. Rhondda.*

Facing a Boar

It was in a remote spot of Southern Rhodesia that I experienced my worst moment.

The dense bush on the little kopje stirred. Some big animal was there. No shelter for me anywhere, only saplings in the clearing where I stood; no human being, as far as I knew, within call.

I gripped my geological hammer and "froze" to the ground, wondering whether I could aim a blow that would kill if——

The bushes parted suddenly, and out came a creature even more dangerous than the lion I had feared. A huge wild boar, with tusks glistening, tore past, without seeing me, at lightning speed.

My worst moment was over!—*Miss M. B., Bridgwater.*

* * *

I think my worst moment was shortly after I finished my first cigar.—*Raleigh, Kent.*

When, in 1918, I opened a War Office note and found I was left a widow with two babies.—*Mrs. A., Plaistow.*

My worst moment happened eleven years ago, when I was dismissed from my employment. I have been unemployed ever since.—*P. D., Lanarkshire.*

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches Played on August 31

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) Everton v. Derby.
(2) HUDDERSFIELD v. Preston.
(3) MANCHESTER C. v. W.B. Albion.
(4) Middlesbrough v. Portsmouth.
**(5) STOKE v. Leeds.
(6) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Birmingham.
(7) ARSENAL v. Sunderland.
(8) ASTON VILLA v. Wednesday.
(9) Blackburn v. Grimsby.
*(10) BOLTON v. Brentford.
(11) Chelsea v. LIVERPOOL.

SECOND DIVISION.

**(1) NEWCASTLE v. Bradford.
(2) Norwich v. West Ham.
(3) NOTTS FOREST v. Bury.
*(4) PLYMOUTH v. Manchester U.
(5) Sheffield U. v. Leicester.
(6) SOUTHAMPTON v. Swansea.
(7) BARNSLEY v. Port Vale.
**(8) BLACKPOOL v. Doncaster.
(9) Bradford C. v. Hotspur.
(10) CHARLTON v. Burnley.
(11) HULL v. Fulham.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

*(1) NORTHAMPTON v. Gillingham.
(2) Q.P. Rangers v. Millwall.
(3) READING v. Coventry.
(4) SOUTHEND v. Boscombe.
(5) WATFORD v. Bristol City.
*(6) BRIGHTON v. Torquay.
(7) BRISTOL ROVERS v. Notts County.
(8) Orient v. Luton.
*(9) C. PALACE v. Cardiff.
(10) EXETER v. Aldershot.
(11) Newport v. Swindon.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) Hartlepools v. Halifax.
*(2) LINCOLN v. Accrington.
(3) MANSFIELD v. Oldham.
(4) N. Brighton v. Tranmere.
(5) ROCHDALE v. Crewe.
(6) ROTHERHAM v. Wrexham.
(7) WALSALL v. Gateshead.
(8) York v. STOCKPORT.
(9) BARROW v. Chesterfield.
(10) Carlisle v. DARLINGTON.
**(11) CHESTER v. Southport.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) Dunfermline v. Aberdeen.
(2) Hibernian v. St. Johnstone.
**(3) MOTHERWELL v. Albion R.
(4) Partick v. RANGERS.
(5) Third Lanark v. Clyde.
(6) Airdrie v. HAMILTON.
(7) ARBROATH v. Queen of South.
(8) Ayr v. KILMARNOCK.
**(9) CELTIC v. Queen's Park.
(10) Dundee v. HEARTS.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—5 (*H*); Div. II.—8 (*H*); Southern Section—6 (*H*); Northern Section—10 (*A*); Scottish League—9 (*H*); would indicate Stoke, Blackpool, Brighton, Darlington and Celtic.

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., by first post Tuesday, September 3.

The Rule I'd Add to the Highway Code

A BIG EVENT!

To mark the opening of the Autumn Film Season "The Picturegoer" presents to every reader a

FREE 16-Page ART Souvenir

of the M-G-M. Super-Film—"WEST POINT OF THE AIR"

JUNE CLYDE, the lovely stage and screen star, says: "I think the Stockings are wonderful, and the Silk Stockings Club a clever idea. Readers of 'The Picturegoer' are very fortunate in being able to get such marvellous stockings FREE"

TO mark the opening of the Autumn Film Season, "The Picturegoer" presents the first of three wonderful Souvenir issues. This week's issue, out to-day, contains a BEAUTIFUL 16-PAGE ART SOUVENIR of the M-G-M Super-Film, "WEST POINT OF THE AIR" FREE.

See the beautiful all-photogravure pictures of the stars who made the greatest epic of the air yet filmed, this in magnificent Souvenir. Wallace Beery, himself an accomplished pilot, in one of the greatest parts of his career; Maureen O'Sullivan; Robert Young; Rosalind Russell; Lewis Stone.

This 16-page Souvenir also contains the story of the film itself. You will *want* to read it!

This great Souvenir is FREE with every copy of this Special Autumn issue, **Only twopence as usual.** "The Picturegoer" itself is even brighter—more sparkling than ever. Full of "inside" news—secrets, exclusive features—and P-I-C-T-U-R-E-S by the score!

MORE SPLENDID ISSUES TO COME

The next issue of "The Picturegoer" on sale September 5 will contain a superb 16-page Art Souvenir of "AFTER OFFICE HOURS" (Clark Gable and Constance Bennett)—and in the issue out September 12 there will be yet another beautiful 16-page Art Souvenir of "DAVID COPPERFIELD"—the wonderful all-star Dickens film.

Make certain of your copies

Place a standing order with your newsagent

Unlimited Pairs of Silk Stockings FREE

"THE PICTUREGOER," in this special Autumn Issue JUST OUT, announces an amazing new offer to its readers . . . AN ENTIRELY NEW IDEA that will thrill hundreds of thousands of women all over the country. As part of its great scheme and to mark the opening of the Autumn Film Season, "The Picturegoer" has inaugurated a Silk Stockings Club which will enable every woman reader to obtain UNLIMITED pairs of beautiful silk stockings for herself—and a pair for each of her friends . . . FREE.

Every reader is this week invited to become a member of this new and original Club. The lovely, fashionable silk stockings, which are fully described inside "The Picturegoer" now on sale, are made by a leading silk stocking manufacturing firm exclusively for "The Picturegoer" Silk Stockings Club, and unlimited supplies are available to meet the demands of all members of the Club and their friends.

An Enrolment Form and full details of this great new offer appear in "The Picturegoer" on sale to-day. Hurry for your copy and participate in this great scheme.

Below is a miniature reproduction of the beautiful two-colour cover design of this wonderful issue—look for it on all bookstalls. It contains the superb 16-page Souvenir—a reduced illustration is shown.

Just Out!

The PICTUREGOER

BIGGER PENSION plus FORTUNE ! PRIZE FOR JOHN BULL'S X WORD

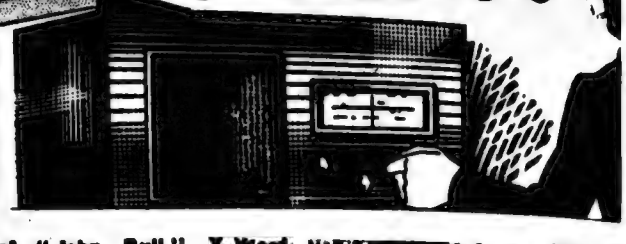
30/- WEEKLY FOR LIFE and £500 Cash

--OR INCREASED LUMP SUM OF £850 CASH

AND VALUABLE NEW RADIO BONUSES

"John Bull" will present with each cash prize of over £3 this week one of the new Ferranti All-Mains Universal Radio Sets.

EACH VALUE £8·18·6



£100 Between all Runners-up

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS To each sender of solution containing one error more than Runners-up, we shall forward a Special Surprise Award with £1 Bonus Offer. TO BE POSTED WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 18.

320

OUR series of Holiday Offers came to an end last week. Now, in the last week of old August, comes the first of a fine new series of giant Radio Offers, each headed by an increased Pension-plus-Fortune First.

Whatever prize above £3 which you win in this week's Contest, you will see that a splendid All-mains "Ferranti" Universal Radio will be added to your cheque. You may be a Runner-up or win outright that 30s. Weekly Life Pension with £500 cash; a thousand nights of wireless entertainment will also be yours.

No limit is set to the number of special Surprise Awards available for those with one error more than Runners-up, and each of these useful prizes will be accompanied by a £1 Bonus Offer.

Once you begin on this week's puzzle, the Clues will grip your interest. Square after square will yield to your attack until you have produced a Solution that may well make you the 72nd solver to walk off with our First Prize intact.

But remember—your entry must reach Long Acre by Thursday, September 5, if you want a golden Joy Wire a week later.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of 30s. weekly and £500 in cash for a lump sum of £850 for a correct Solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct Solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct Solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning Solution. An All-mains "Ferranti" Universal Radio Set will accompany each cash prize exceeding £3 in this Contest. A Surprise Award, with £1 Bonus Offer, will be sent to each sender of a square containing one error more than Runners-up. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 12, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 19.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD NO. 320—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, SEPT. 5, 1935

JB 320

JB 320

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 320—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, SEPT. 5, 1935

JB 320

JB 320

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY "John Bull" Crossword No. 320, 57 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Free Help for X-word Entrants.
Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette. Address Gazette Dept., 30 Bedford Street, W.C.2, or register for 6 weeks' supply on Coupon on "Bulletin" page.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 318.

Winners in Crossword No. 317 appear in page 31. Winners in Crossword No. 319 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" Crossword No. 318 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims for prize are required, as all entries are carefully examined by our staff.

JB 318

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Bank of England guards it carefully
5. Voter's a donkey to place faith in one
11. This and Jack make our national flag
13. Old-time infantryman wore this peaked hat
14. Small seeds which make good soup
15. Were more seen on dresses in Victorian days
19. What sorrow begins with
20. If Dad's excuse isn't this it's something new
23. Soldier uses them—and sometimes loses
25. Put into these squares a word in this Clue
27. Chop off both ends of ends
28. Is company, but three isn't
30. Repeat this and get a laugh
32. If you've sinned you should do this
34. Dangerous dog should not be this
36. Makes a mistake
38. Is apt to go unexpectedly and cause embarrassement
39. Does normal lad no real harm

DOWN

1. Is somewhat bigger than a swallow
2. One quickly answers this
3. Is often rolled up for convenience of handling
4. Is put over ninth letter of alphabet
6. Seen drawing coster's barrow
7. Beginning and end of rush
8. Bookies take bets on them
9. All right is right here
10. Getting these pinched is shock to bather
12. Half nine and nearly nothing
16. Dry one makes us thankful for water
17. One is allotted you on becoming hospital patient
18. Your doctor's advice is usually this
20. Many castles have been built on this
21. Seen together in middle of summer
22. Odds are against foolish punter getting one
24. Losing these upsets new candidate
26. May account for making a splash
29. Wasp without its tail
31. Noise which can become most annoying
33. Here's the crossword age once more
34. Take first part of look
35. Now use the rest
37. Tail end of carp

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying ink or copying ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. For four squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it "a/c"; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, September 5, 1935.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny entry forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" two weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from "John Bull" plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette."

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's solution cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 19, 1935. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, October 1, 1935, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize of £100. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double searches establishing these winners is regarded as final. Errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £850 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

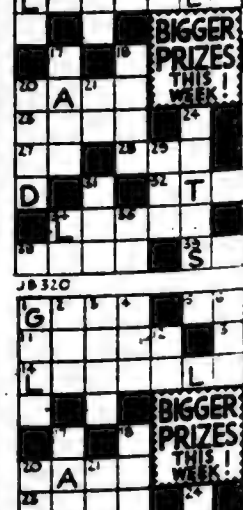
6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

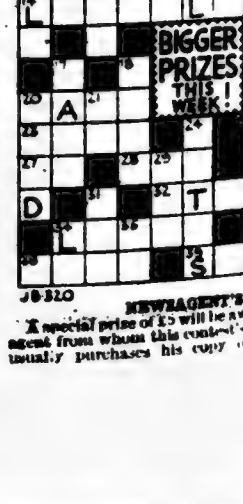
KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.

JB 320



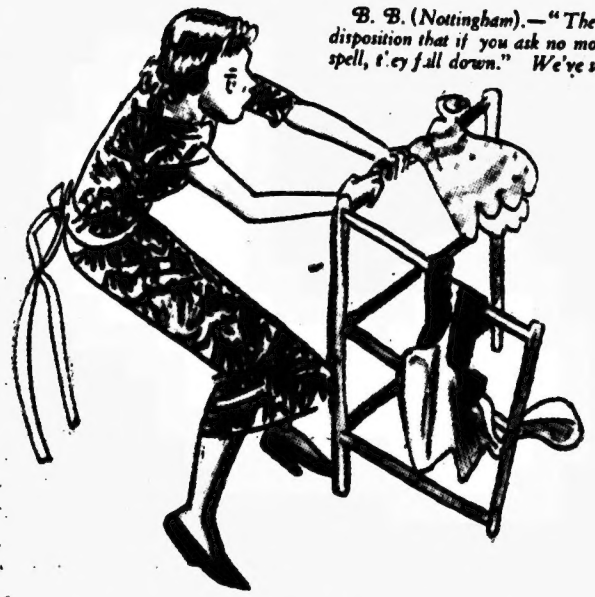
JB 320



JB 320

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.
A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the News agent from whom this contest's First Prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull."

If you are troubled by any matter — except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.



B. B. (Nottingham).—"There are some horses so cussed in disposition that if you ask no more than that they stand still for a spell, they fall down." We've seen those horses, too.

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

POULTRY FARMER (Lothians).—"Chickens are great explorers." They certainly ultimately travel into the unknown interior.

HISTORIAN (Ely).—"Any schoolboy could tell you where the Scottish kings were crowned." On their heads?

A. A. (Bath).—"No man in his senses can bear baby talk." Except when the baby is his own.

MRS. P. (Fulham).—"My husband is always harping on the beans I buy." Perhaps they're rather stringy.

F. B. (Alton).—"The old oil lamp is now quite dead." Completely snuffed out, in fact.

D. N. (Esher).—"My friend, an ex-mercantile skipper, has just married again," His second mate.

NOBBY (Yarmouth).—"All the girls I know dwell a lot on clothes." But not in clothes.

NOVICE (St. Neots).—"What do you think I took off when I first used a scythe?" The edge.

F. N. (Sutton).—"A nudist is something of a hero." A real, hard-bitten he-man—especially in the mosquito season.

J. N. (Rochester).—"Before we were married she said I had a big, noble brow." What does she say now? Fathead?

CONSTABLE (Eastbourne).—"I had a nightmare and dreamed I was committing a burglary." But after pinching yourself you woke up?

F. F. (Dover).—"There's a time when a fellow can do with a drink and a time when he doesn't want to look at one." That naturally follows.

G. B. S. (Derby).—"Is there anything more painful than sitting in a dentist's waiting-room for half an hour?" Yes, sitting in his chair.

G. N. (Epsom).—"My son came down for breakfast in his pyjamas and I gave him a good dressing-down." What he needs is a good dressing-gown.

J. W. (Greenock).—"When we got to the top of the mountain we found we had forgotten the glasses." So you had to drink out of the bottle?

H. N. (Clapham).—"I shall never forget the one time I batted at the Oval." Did your score resemble the shape of the ground?

BERT (Torquay).—"The girl in the shop advised me to have the chocolates in a box, as they would last longer." But they didn't, did they?

K. V. (Farnborough).—"When I saw how important it was to pass the examination, I sold my car to pay the fees." You realised it in time?

ENTHUSIAST (Maidstone). — "Who is there who can't sit and enjoy watching a couple of forceful batsmen sending the ball all over the field?" The fielders.

D. W. (Walsall).—"All the people who have done great things in this life have been alone." Especially on a golf course or when fishing.

MRS. A. H. (Woking).—"We found a great difficulty in getting holiday accommodation for our party this year, but have now been fixed up at Land's End." As a last resort?

MANAGER (South Shields).—"When I hear a man whistling at his work I consider it is a sign of inefficiency." Surely this does not apply to an engine driver?

OLD STAGER (Torquay).—"I was watching a boys' preparatory school at cricket the other day, and came to the conclusion that there was not a lad capable of making a run. But I was deceived." You mean the tea bell rang?

C. M. (Cardiff).—"The book of the future will be unusual." Novel.

G. N. (Brighton).—"What do you think we opened the meal with?" A tin-opener.

BARBER (Hastings).—"My new method enables me to trim a customer's hair in half the usual time." A short cut.

S. T. B. (Newquay).—"No county touches Cornwall as a holiday spot." But surely Devon does?

D. R. (Hull).—"What does the average typist make per week?" About a dozen pots of tea.

TENNIS PLAYER (Hull).—"My false teeth were smashed by a fast service from my opponent." You lost the set?

T. R. (Grendon).—"Some of our best cricketers have failed badly this year." When it came to the Test?

T. C. (Fulham).—"Last night I saw a ghost, the night before I saw a madman, and the previous night I saw a demon." You're seeing things!

HON. SEC. (Hornsey).—"It happens that the most quarrelsome member of our committee is an engine-driver." He is always letting off steam.

HANDY MAN (Hythe).—"My employer was furious when he found I was making the walls of the shed too low." He raised the roof?

F. H. (Cromer).—"I cannot understand why my neighbour trains his apple tree so that it does not overhang my garden." It is beyond you.

GROUNDSMAN (Hoylake).—"I recounted how I found the money when I was cutting the grass on the tennis court." You went over it again?

C H. H. (Swindon).—"After the sports my pal thanked me for talking to his girl while he was racing." You told him the pleasure was yours, of course.

PILLS (Bromley).—"For years I've played a most consistent game of billiards, but lately my game has fallen off considerably." You cannot expect to keep your form so long without a break.

P. C (Wigan).—"The first night I was on duty I found a water pipe in an empty house leaking badly. It took me a long time to find the stop-tap, but eventually I turned off the water." You arrested the leak?

HIKER (Edgware).—"What is the longest road in Middlesex?" The one home.

P. N. (Penge).—"You always answer my questions with another question." Do we?

D. W. (Ealing).—"We furniture salesmen know a good deal." But you will label it mahogany.

D. R. Y. (Newcastle).—"What does the average amateur gardener like to see above all others?" His giant sunflower.

DOC. (Greenock).—"Chronic bad temper can be caused by fish." Especially if they persist in making off with the bait.

FRED (New Brighton).—"I've told my sister I won't mend her punctured bicycle tyre, and that's flat!" Of course it is.

D. N. (Ealing).—"My new hat went west when I dropped it off the end of Brighton pier." Surely you mean south.

DRIVER (Dorchester).—"After driving a steam roller for twenty years I have come to the conclusion that there's nothing in it." You find your business very slow?

HUBBY (Gretton).—"My wife, for some unknown reason, will never permit me to wash the dishes." She won't let you break into her duties?

JILL (Gillingham).—"When my engine failed at one o'clock in the morning I am afraid I was so sorry for myself that I wept." You broke down and cried?

T. C. (Durham).—"It is my experience that dairymen make very poor councillors." They are apt to skim over the reports.

S. T. D. (Bristol).—"I was just saying that I would go through anything for her when the car skidded and we met with the accident." Then you went through the windscreen, we suppose?

GOLFER (Knebworth).—"I saw a novice who was so fed-up after his first round that he broke his clubs over his knee." Later on, he will realise what a caddie's back is for.

J. T. (Glasgow).—"London's hotels, I'm told, are still the best in Europe." Come up and see for yourself as a *Bullets* "Week-end Millionaire"—six are to be invited as the result of our big offer on page 39.

COLLECTOR (Wallasey).—"After buying a number of timepieces of various kinds from the antique dealer, I finally purchased an old watch key." To wind up with?

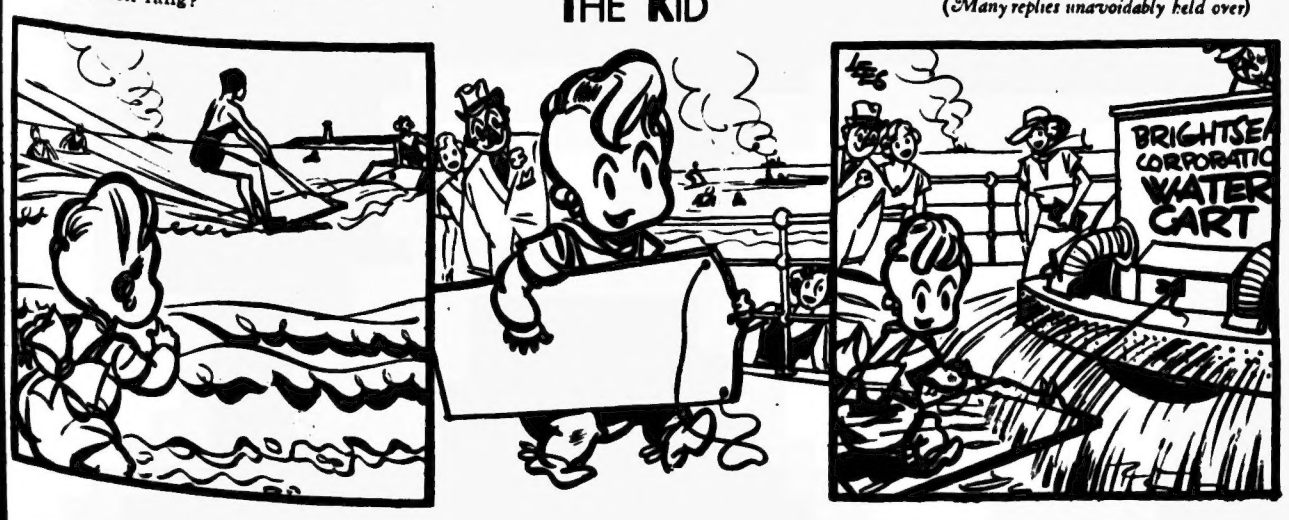
FLIGHT (Gillingham).—"My friend and I are thinking of buying an aeroplane between us, but the matter isn't definitely settled yet." It's still in the air, as it were.

GANGER (Grangetown).—"The hook of the crane caught in my overalls, lifted me thirty feet, and then dropped me over the other side of the staging." You went up in the air over it?

EPICURE (Chepstow).—"When I dine out I always insist on the soup being thoroughly strained, although it is difficult to make my needs known to the chef." But eventually you manage to make it clear?

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

THE KID



Even 'NATURALLY THIN' Ill & Run-down Men and Women now Add Weight Quickly!

HOSTS of thin, pale, run-down people—and even "Naturally Skinny" men and women are amazed at this easy way to put on healthy needed pounds quickly. Gains of 15 to 20 lbs. in one month—5 lbs. in a week—are reported regularly.

"Vikelp" Tablets, an amazing mineral concentrate from a Pacific Ocean sea plant, get right down to the systemic disorders that cause thin, underweight conditions and add weight, through a "2 ways in one" natural process.

First, their rich supply of easily assimilable minerals nourish the digestive glands which produce the juices that alone enable you to digest the fats and starches, the weight-making elements in your daily diet. And these minerals are needed by virtually every organ and for every function of the body. Second, the natural FOOD IODINE in "Vikelp" Tablets regulates and nourishes the internal glands which control assimilation—the process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy. This FOOD IODINE also controls and regulates the thyroid and other internal glands which, if out of order, are the chief cause of systemic disorders such as goitre and all forms of rheumatism—conditions which "Vikelp" Tablets correct.

Try "Vikelp" Tablets for 10 days and notice the difference — how much better you sleep; how constipation vanishes; how stomach gas, acidity and after-eating distress are eliminated; how firm flesh appears in place of scrawny hollows—and the new energy, strength and increased vigour it brings.

"Vikelp" Tablets are prescribed and used by doctors. Fine for children, too. Obtainable at all good chemists including Boots and Timothy Whites & Taylors Ltd. If your dealer cannot supply you yet send 3/11 for 100-tablet package (4-5 times larger than ordinary tablets) direct to Health Products Laboratories Ltd., (Dept. JB85), 10 Henrietta St., London, W.1. If you don't put on at least 5 lbs. of firm, healthy flesh in ten days and gain renewed strength, energy and vigour the trial is free.

1,300 times richer in iodine than oysters, 6 VIKELP brand Tablets contain more FOOD IODINE than 486 lbs. of spinach or 1,387 lbs. of lettuce.

VIKELP Brand Body Building Tablets

Known in America and other countries as Kelpamalt.

Don't be misled — demand "VIKELP" BRAND TABLETS. Guaranteed or money back.

Phensic BRAND TABLETS

Pronounced FEN-ZIK

soothes irritated NERVES.

Overcomes depression, exhaustion, weakness—gives strength and vivacity in a few minutes. Stops *every* Pain—HEADACHES, NEURITIS, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, also wards off Colds and 'Flu.

Sold everywhere: 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/-, 5/-

NEVER HARMS THE HEART

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

The only way your body can clean out health-destroying Acids from your blood is through nine million tiny Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs. If Kidney or Bladder Troubles make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Rheumatism, Backache, Dizziness, Circles Under the Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Irritating Acidity or loss of Vigour, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Siss-Tex). Brings new vitality in 48 hours and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger and to cure in 8 days or money back. Cystex costs only 2/- at Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and all chemists. The guarantee protects you.

"I HAVE to acknowledge receipt of your favour of the 27th ult. enclosing cheque. Words fail to convey in full measure our thanks for this great gift of yours to us at such a necessitous time. With years of continued sickness and slackness in work, culminating in my wife and family being laid down by measles, the only bright speck on the horizon was that 'John Bull' carried the burden to a great event."

This is the striking, homely letter which a registered reader of JOHN BULL wrote to us when he acknowledged the cheque sent to him as Sickness Benefit, one of the exclusive features of JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift.

His letter is typical of thousands—letters which are eloquent of the value of this invaluable Insurance Gift in time of need. Here is yet another. It has been sent in by a registered reader who received Fire Benefit—a Benefit which no other paper in the world provides:—

"Just a line thanking you for the cheque of £44. I do not know how I would have got my home together again if it was not for the good old 'John Bull' Free Insurance."

To make sure of JOHN BULL'S help at a time in your life when you may stand in most need of it, simply fill up the forms below NOW.

JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift protects you and your family against numerous common, everyday perils. It provides Benefits for Accidents in the Home and Garden, on the Sports Field, whilst Boating or Bathing, Children's Accidents, Loss by Burglary, Explosion of gas or domestic boilers, and damage to your Radio by Lightning.

And here are more. JOHN BULL is the *ONLY* paper in the whole world to safeguard your home against Fire, Storm and Flood Damage and it is also the *ONLY* paper to pay Sickness Benefit and to add a 10 PER CENT. BONUS TO EVERY Benefit paid to registered readers of over three months' standing.

Fill up the forms below AT ONCE—it won't take a minute.

HOLIDAY CONCESSION

Registered readers and their families continue to be covered by JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift while on holiday in Great Britain, Ireland, the Channel Islands, or the Isle of Man, for a period of fourteen days.

The only condition is that in the event of an application arising they will be required to show that they purchased JOHN BULL while on holiday, and that before leaving home they left instructions with their newsagent to restart delivery immediately on their return.

"John Bull"—the ONLY paper to pay Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness Benefits.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Form to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 31/8/35

CUT HERE

***Post* this Form to**

"John Bull" Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 4d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 31/8/35

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN... OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9,** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3d.

MUSSOLINI "presented" him with a FIRST PRIZE!

£600 Idea from his Newspaper

ONE of the gay new Greetings Telegrams was waiting for Mr. W. Wilkins when, after a game of bowls, he returned one recent Friday afternoon to his rooms at 10a, Westboro' Road, Westcliff-on-Sea.

"Is it your birthday, then?" asked a friend, as he was reading the wire. "No," he said, "but this is better than any birthday message I've had!"

Intent on winning his game that afternoon at the Alexandra Bowling Club, Mr. Wilkins had forgotten the *Bullets* he had entered for our 993rd contest and the fact that it was Telegram Day. So he was taken completely by surprise by JOHN BULL'S news that he had won the First Prize of £600 and a Week's Free Motoring.

* * *

When I called later with congratulations writes a JOHN BULL'S representative, this cheery man of advancing years told me that he had been aiming at a *Bullets* First Prize ever since he retired ten years ago from the Civil Service.

"I wanted something to occupy my time in the evenings," Mr. Wilkins told me, "and I couldn't think of a better hobby than *Bullets*. They are just the healthy form of mental gymnastics required when one has retired.

"Considering that I only entered one coupon in this Contest," Mr. Wilkins went on, "I've certainly made a wonderful investment."

It is to Mussolini's activities that Mr. Wilkins owes his £600 success with his telling and neatly balanced *Bullet*, ANOTHER WAR—CIVILISING BLACKS? BLACKENING CIVILISATION! And he fitted its words together in a few minutes one evening, just before going up to bed.

"Read the papers for topical ideas," is Mr. Wilkins' advice to other competitors, "and study the winning lines in JOHN BULL to learn winning methods."

* * *

Many small prizes in *Bullets* have gone to 26, Westbourne Road, Penarth, the home of Mr. W. Jesse, but nothing so exciting as the letter which reached him one recent Saturday morning with the news that he had won the Second Prize of £50 in Contest No. 993.

"Having been a competitor for many years," said Mr. Jesse, "it was a wonderful thrill to learn that I had at last reached a place in the 'Big Three.'"

It was the training he has had from a study of *Bullets Bulletin* and of the winning lines in JOHN BULL which enabled him, Mr. Jesse added, to write his successful *Bullet*, MAN IN A CELL—WRONG "TURNING" AGAINST HIM.

* * *

Rex, a huge sheep dog living at 9, Winders Road, Battersea, London, S.W., is going away on a holiday soon with his master, Mr. E. J. Putland.

That will be his reward for giving Mr. Putland the inspiration for the *Bullet*, FOURTEEN DAYS—HOLIDAYMAKERS DESERVE —"IMPRISONING" PETS, which brought him the Third Prize of £25 in our 993rd Contest.

"I attribute my success to a careful study of winning lines and the indispensable *Bullets Bulletin*," said Mr. Putland.

* * *

Each of these winners kept his eyes open for *Bullets* material and merely used it to good advantage. The same ideas for prize-worthy efforts are everywhere around you if you have eyes to see them.

Start on this week's *Examples* now, build your *Bullets* with care and this week's £650 plus Millionaire's Week-end may well be yours!

1,000 NOT OUT!

Soon our famous *Bullets* Contest will reach a record score of 1,000 not out! To celebrate the 1,000th Competition we shall offer 21,001 prizes, headed by a Giant 3-in-1 First of £6 Weekly for Life, £1,000 cash and £1,000 fully paid Life Policy, or lump sum of £3,500. And look out for

UNLIMITED GIFTS!

RESULT of COMPETITION No. 994

First Prize—£600 Cash and free yearly holiday travel for two

R. C. WAKEMAN, 77, Rawson Avenue, Accrington.

Example: UP THE LADDER
Bullet: SONNY—THANKS TO "WARNINGS"!

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

E. LATHAM, 4, Albert Road, Bexhill-on-Sea.
Example: When The Prince Arrived
Bullet: "Made One" Of Us.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mrs. A. J. PECK, 46, Limbrick, Blackburn.
Example: Life's Biggest Problem
Bullet: To Wifey, Insignificant Me!

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: A. PRIDDEY, 120, Middleton Boulevard, Nottingham.
Ogne In A Flash—Scientist—Luckily, Took Formula!

£15: R. GORDON, 44, Moss-side Road, Glasgow.
Road To Happiness—Barred To The Bored.

£10: R. WHALLEY, 14, Chatburn Road, Clitheroe.
Life's Biggest Problem—Happiness—"Her Answer" Helped.

5 OF £5 EACH:

E. G. ADAMS, 10, Felix Place, Yeovil.
Tragic—Enough, The *Unavoidable* Accident.

E. COYLE, 57, Lowther Road, Prestwich, Lancs.
Road To Happiness—Ribbon "Tying Knot" Unwinds.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

W. R. DAVIS, "Hurstmyne," Harlow, Essex.
Lost—Man—Bewildered By "Discoveries."

Mrs. L. JACKSON, 8, Sefton Avenue, Newcastle-on-Tyne
To Geneva—Mussolini Sends His *Glove*.

Mrs. TAYLOR, New Road, Armitage, Rugeley.
Up The Ladder—Now Dreads Mounting Stairs.

10 OF £4 EACH:

A. G. AUSTIN, 35, St. James Avenue, Beckenham.
Landlay's Cooking—Smells Enough, But Isn't!

Mrs. O. L. BOWEN, Avondale, 8, Beaver Road, Ashford, Kent.
Wise Youth—Drinks, Soft—Thinks Hard.

R. N. EMMERSON, 53, Mostyn Avenue, Wembley.
In Uniform—Moths' "Regimental Dinner."

Mrs. E. HARTLEY, 156 Holmcroft Road, Manchester.
Lost—Now Parvenu's "Got There."

B. MARSHALL, 118, Droylsden Road, Manchester.
When The Prince Arrived Crowd's Safety Worried Authorities.

E. M. MURPHY, 59, Tufton Street, Westminster, London, S.W.
Wise Youth—Looks Ahead—Boss Surround.

Mrs. J. B. PATERSON, Glencliffe, The Glen, Aberdour, Fife.
Making It Clear—As Daylight—Mussolini's "Fireworks."

H. REEVES, 75, Queen Street, Maidenhead.
Up The Ladder—Rushing, Upset The Ladder.

A. THOMAS, 54, St. Aldate's, Oxford.
In Uniform—Me? Ask My "Sergeant-Major."

E. THOMAS, 36, Idwal Street, South Glam
Dad's Daily — "Tonic" — "Depression" Stopped *That*.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

A list of 10 £3, 20 £2 10s. and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

CONTINUITY BONUSES. — Coupons for £1 each have been duly despatched to the 21,000 competitors who qualified for this extra payment as announced in connection with "Bullets" No. 992.

THEIR PLEASURE

was complete as Mr & Mrs. Lomax, 18, Lathom Road, Withington, Manchester, enjoyed a round of entertainment at "John Bull's" expense as part of the First Prize in "Bullets" No. 949 And all the thrills they experienced . . .

CAN BE YOURS!

INCREASED 2-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE

£650

Cash and MILLIONAIRE'S WEEK-END FOR TWO

INCREASED 2-IN-1 SECOND PRIZE

£150

AND MILLIONAIRE'S WEEK-END FOR TWO

INCREASED 2-IN-1 THIRD PRIZE

£100

MILLIONAIRE'S WEEK-END FOR TWO

SIX MORE

'MILLIONAIRE WEEK-ENDERS' WANTED FOR 'BULLETS' No. 1,000 CELEBRATIONS!

BIGGER PRIZES—MORE PRIZES —ONE WEEK ONLY TO WIN!

AN outstanding event in competition history is soon to be celebrated, for *Bullets* shortly reaches the record score of 1,000 consecutive contests. To commemorate that occasion in *Bullets* history, JOHN BULL this week invites six more "Week-end Millionaires" to enjoy his hospitality in London.

Besides the winner of that increased £650 First, both the £150 Second and £100 Third Prize-winners in this Contest will be able to enjoy with a chosen companion a glorious round of thrills and entertainment such as only the wealthiest could normally afford, but with privileges not even millionaires could buy.

Other substantial cheques follow these three big 2-in-1 prizes—and a huge distribution of "*Bullets* 1,000" Celebration Surprise Awards—two useful prizes in one—will give satisfaction to no fewer than 1,000 competitors in this week's splendid offer.

Only a few days are yours to grasp this fine one-week opportunity, so get busy on the *Examples* now.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

GO slowly through the *Examples* on which *Bullets* are to be based, pausing at each one which brings ideas readily to your mind and jotting down each thought that it suggests.

Now each of your *Bullets* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words, must be phrased neatly and closely linked to the *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, you had jotted down against the *Example* STIFF PRICE, the rough comment *Shop Assistants Pay In Health*. After a few minutes' thought you could add an extra point to the effort with a reference to Bargain Basements, resulting in this finished *Bullet*, STIFF PRICE—IN BASEMENT—ASSISTANT'S HEALTH.

Before beginning on your own *Bullets*, however, study the winning efforts on the previous page.

There is not a *Bullet* amongst them which you could not have made up yourself. So settle down with confidence to making your efforts and see that your entry reaches the judges by Saturday, September 7.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

MISS ITALY
AFTER THE MATCH
THE REFEREE
PICTURE OF MISERY
BEST WEAPON
RIOT OF COLOUR
INTO THE ABYSS
TURNING THE HANDLE
HE KNEW
PERFECT SERVANT
STINGING
NOTHING TO WEAR
MORE SPEED
WOBBLING AT THE KNEES
OVER BREAKFAST
OUT AGAIN
BRIGHT SPARK
LOVE COMES ALONG AND
HER VOICE
SEEN THROUGH
"DON'T ARGUE!"
MONEY'S USEFUL, BUT
MUSSOLINI WANTS
STARVING
SUMMONS FOR FATHER
STRANGE BUT TRUE
INCH BY INCH
TO KEEP HIS JOB
SPEAKING THE TRUTH
STIFF PRICE
BLOW FOR MRS. BROWN
SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR
READY FOR THE FRAY
GIRL ON THE 'PHONE
SINKING SHIP
TIRED HUBBY

10 of £5 | 10 of £2-10s | 25 of £1

2,000 RED SEAL 'TARGETS' 6,000 'TARGET' PRIZES.

998

1,000 SURPRISE AWARDS

AT THE "BULLETS" 1,000 CELEBRATION — TWO USEFUL PRIZES IN ONE

Your MILLIONAIRE'S CELEBRATION WEEK-END

To celebrate BULLETS No. 1,000, winner and chosen companion will travel First Class to London to enjoy a glorious week-end of thrills and entertainment, including tour of London, theatre, celebration dinner with other "Millionaire Week-enders" and Competition Editor, also visit to Long Acre. All at "John Bull's" expense, including luxurious car and hotel accommodation.

EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
(998) Closing SAT., Sept. 7.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
	Signed ..... Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
(998) Closing SAT., Sept. 7.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
	Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
(998) Closing SAT., Sept. 7.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
	Signed ..... Address .....

Write name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
(998) Closing SAT., Sept. 7.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
	Signed ..... Address .....

If you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

WHO WANTS 48 FREE PAGES of help with "Bullets" and Crosswords? **USE THIS COUPON**

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and Crossword Gazette. I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

If not entering for Competition, post coupon direct to "Bulletin" Dept., 30, Bedford St., London, W.C.2

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

If you wish to use Advertiser's coupons on back, you can apply for your free issues of "Bullets" Bulletin or enter further "Bullets" on plain paper.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £600 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 993 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Whybrew, Newsagent, Westbere' Road, Westcliff-on-Sea.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques of £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 993 usually purchase "John Bull."

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 998, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

DOGE CREAM

THE NEW MARVELLOUS COMPLEXION RESTORER

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream and does not dry up the skin, but keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful. When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of these. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used. It is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil and does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe.

If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes at night every wrinkle will vanish as if a miracle had happened. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results. We do not pay for Society women to give us their portraits, but over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.

AT THE CASINO.

SHEILA: Look at that beautiful dancer. That is Naide. She is supposed to be the loveliest woman in the world. She is Venetian. Everybody raves over her lovely skin. She has a special cream she uses.

BARBARA: Oh, Darling! Do tell me what it is.

SHEILA: I asked her hairdresser this morning, and he told me it was a cream called Doge Cream and he also told me that she never uses soap for her face and neck, only this Doge Cream. Doesn't she look beautiful? I thought the Cream must cost at least 10/- a pot, but you can get it for 1/- and 2/-.

BARBARA: That's wonderful! I shall not rest until I have got some.

Per Pot - - 1/-;
Large Pot - 2/-;
Large Tube 9d

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

For Free Sample Tube of DOGE CREAM

For sample of Doge Cream send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of Doge Soap is also desired send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the **SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. Do. 6), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.**

NO SOAP SHAVEX NO BRUSH

REVOLUTION IN SHAVING

Millions are now using SHAVEX all over the world. Beware of imitations.

THROW AWAY YOUR SOAP AND BRUSH AND USE THE UP-TO-DATE METHOD OF SHAVING which takes a quarter of the time. WE GUARANTEE THAT ONE CAN HAVE A PERFECT SHAVE IN TWO MINUTES WITH SHAVEX.

SHAVEX is without doubt the most perfect way of shaving that man can desire. What is more simple than just wetting the beard and smearing on a little Shavex—and then a perfect shave! Shavex contains Almond Oil, which is a fine skin food for the face. You shave in a quarter of the time that is taken by any other method, and you rub the rest of the Shavex into the skin — this takes away the wrinkles and keeps the face in a perfect condition. **ASK YOUR CHEMIST WHEN ASKING FOR SHAVEX for a "Shavex" Super Blade. We guarantee it to be the longest lived blade in the world. It is a miracle of sharpness and the smoothest that one can use on the face. Made of Chrome Steel, and honed by our secret process. Money back if disappointed and postage. These marvellous SHAVEX Blades are now 2d. instead of 4d.**

SHAVEX
is sold everywhere in 6d., 1/-, & 1/6 Tubes & 1/6 Pots

The Shavex Cream makes the bristles of the beard stand up, when they are easily shaved with the razor. The ordinary creams and soaps flatten the beard and so it is impossible to get the perfect shave.

If grass is lying down it is more difficult for the mower to cut than if it is standing up. It is the same with the beard and Shavex. SHAVEX gets between all the hairs and forces the beard to stand up, and one can cut it so easily and get a perfect shave.

SISTER: I have given up Alec—while we were at a dance last night.

BROTHER: Why, has he been kissing another girl?

SISTER: No. He kissed me last night, and his face was so rough it made my cheek sore. Nothing is more horrible to a girl than to shrink from a face that is like a lot of pins sticking into you.

BROTHER: He must be a fool. Why doesn't he use Shavex? He need only shave once a day and he will get a marvellous shave. He can shave in a quarter the time taken by anything else, and my girl says my face is as soft as silk, and she asked me what perfume I used on my face. I told her it was all due to Shavex—the perfume and smoothness. Don't worry, old girl. I will tell Alec to use Shavex: you will find a big difference then.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

For FREE Sample Tube of SHAVEX

Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with a 2d. stamp to the **SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. R.11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.**

SPA-SEL SALTS

The Regenerator of the Human Body

SPA-SEL is one of the most perfect SALTS that can be taken to purify the Blood, cleanse the kidneys, tone up the liver and keep the stomach in a perfect condition.

All acids are eliminated and no one can have Rheumatism, Arthritis, etc., with Spa-sel. All Toxine Poisoning is washed away from the system. It is the most perfect remedy ever known and the result is RADIANT HEALTH and the Skin looking perfect.

To keep young, and keep old age at bay, there is nothing more wonderful than Spa-sel Salts. Keep a good figure and take away pain at the heart by taking Spa-sel Salts.

CAPTAIN DRYDEN: What a lovely girl Margaret Duncan has grown into. Her figure is like a Venus. By jove, she is beautiful.

HIS LADY FRIEND: Her figure was dreadful six weeks ago; she weighed at least 14 stone and now she weighs only 10. Spa-sel Salts changed her into a really beautiful woman.

CAPTAIN DRYDEN: By jove, it has indeed. Do you mean to tell me that Spa-sel Salts can give a woman a beautiful figure like that?

LADY FRIEND: Oh, yes. I was a stone heavier two months ago, and I took Spa-sel Salts and reduced, and also my skin got much nicer.

CAPTAIN DRYDEN: You ladies find out all the secrets of health.

In Bottles at 9D. and 1/6

Post free from the:—

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. A.3), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19

ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.
"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

ABSCESSES.
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

ERYSIPELAS.
This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

CORNS.
The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.

SKIN DISEASES

Disappear in a Night

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

Many may promise a wonderful cure but there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of Imitations.

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying some of the big Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures, in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

BURNS.
Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.

BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.
"I always had Blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.
Splendid for Stiff Joints, rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

ZEE-KOL

The Wonder Skin Remedy

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the **Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K.18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19.** At all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3, or a large tin 3/-.

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